WALKER'S

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

OR,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1809.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

WE present our Readers this Month with a striking and elegant Portrait of her Royal Highness, the Princess CHARLOTTE OF WALES. Every Year will now increase the Interest in which the Royal Infant will be held, and the Period is perhaps not very distant in which the Princess Charlotte will become the subject of Parliamentary Discussion.

TO THE READERS OF THE HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE.

THE CONDUCTORS of this Publication avail themselves of the present opportunity to inform their Subscribers and the public that having made some arrangements, both with regard to Selection, and Original Communications they flatter themselves that in the next number sufficient novelty will be evinced to justify the most distinguished patronage. THE REVIEW OF MUSIC will be more general. THEATRICALS shall be discussed with great freedom, and if necessary, with severity. A succinct REVIEW of the most popular LITERARY PRODUCTIONS will be given. A POLITICAL SUMMARY is promised by a gentleman eminently qualified for that department; and a SERIES OF LETTERS to distinguished characters shall be published in the manner of that addressed to MR. CROKER. Besides which the public will be supplied with the usual entertaining Miscellany.

To John Wilſon, Croker, Eſq. M. P.

SIR,

THE chance which placed you in parliament, as well as your own efforts, unſucceſsful as they ſometimes have been, to render your career conſpicuous, make any apology unneceſſary on my part, when I addreſs you as a public man. Indeed ſuch an addreſs muſt be conſidered, if not complimentary to your talents or to the qualities of your heart, as a tribute exacted by the notoriety which you adore. Whatever caſt, therefore, this letter may aſſume, whether laudatory or ſevere, whether I call you an orator, a poet, and a wit, or treat your eloquence as mere babble, your rhymes as found and nothing elſe, and your wit as unſubſtantial glitter which is dimmed almoſt at utterance—whether I beſtow praiſe or inflict cenſure, or even hold you up to the moſt galling ridicule; in any caſe I deſerve your thanks, for in each I ſhould contribute to gratify your ruling paſſion. Nay, perhaps a little abuſe of your principles, diluted with a decent portion of admiration as to your abilities, might contribute more effectually to ſerve your intereſt in the quarter you cultivate, than an unqualified panegeric on both. Honeſty is no recommendation to lord Caſtlereagh, and I queſtion whether mr. Foſter, among whoſe unpaid for improvements at Collon you are now making rhymes or calculations, would not prefer, if you will pardon the ſoleciſm, a ſiniſter dexterity of intellect, and an accommodating facility of conſcience to the luminous genius of Burke, or the pure philoſophy of Paley. By calling you cunning, therefore, buſy, pert, forward and loquacious, I ſhould ſerve your purpoſe with the maſters into whoſe favour you with to ingratiate yourſelf. But I ſhall uſe none of thoſe epithets, nor indeed ſhould I interrupt the tranquility of your retirement, had you not violated the ſanctuary of the grave. You might, for aught I care, pimp into the premiſes of mrs. Clarke from your Attic window, and muddle through all the ſtews in London for filthy anecdotes of her character, and ranſack all the bagnios for traces of her amours—ſuch duty would be ſuitable to the inquiry——you might fetch and carry like a footman, for the miniſter or the duke, and expoſe yourſelf to laughter and contempt in a full houſe of commons by a dialogue with the modern Dalilah. The thing was amuſing, and Therſites obtained his niche in the mock-heroic. All theſe things and more you might have done without interruption from me, had you not in my preſence, launched your faucy and loquacious tongue againſt the memory of a gallant ſoldier, who devoted himſelf to the ſalvation of his army. Perhaps, indeed, the rebuke you received from major Jennings might be conſidered as a ſufficient chaſtiſement—particularly as it was uttered in a large company, and before one of your patrons, mr. Robert Dundas. The matter has been made the ſubject of converſation, and has crept rather obſcurely into ſome of the papers. But the public in general are unacquainted with the immediate and accompanying circumſtances—I ſhall therefore, briefly, but accurately, beg leave to detail them.

At a public dinner, to which the principal conſtituted authorities were invited, and among the reſt, lord Harrington, mr. Dundas, ſir Charles Saxton, major Jennings and yourſelf; having with your uſual modeſty taken your ſeat *above* the ſecretary, and next the commander of the forces, you gave rein to an indefatigable and fatiguing loquacity. The war in Spain was mentioned, and not content with heaping the moſt ſulſome flattery upon lord Wellington, you daſhed forth with your accuſtomed giddineſs and malice againſt the memory

mory of sir JOHN MOORE. Now mr. Croker, do you think you serve lord Wellington by reminding us of general Moore? 'save me from my friends, and I will take care of my enemies.' Alas! poor lord Wellington was safe from neither. After his DEFEAT at Tallevera, after having abandoned his sick and wounded, he was pursued like a hunted hare, and kicked out of the country by those very Frenchmen who you were telling us, mr. Croker, in your noisy imitation of Marmion, had received a signal overthrow. Drubbed soundly by his enemies, and wounded sorely by his friends, I question whether the insult is more galling to his honor, or the flighty fustian of your PINDARIC disgusting to his taste. But the Wellesleys, it is said, never make *wry faces* at the nauseousness or quantity of adulation with which they may be assailed. Quacks as they are in politics and war, they only live by *puffing*; and it must be acknowledged, that although a very injudicious, they have a very busy retainer. Still why should the Devil tempt you to mention the names of lord Wellington and sir John Moore together? if you had feeling or spirit, you would repent it the longest day you had to live. 'Upon what authority,' said major JENNINGS to you, in the presence of the commander of the forces, and the secretary of state; 'Upon what authority do you presume to inveigh against the character of general Moore?' in vain you replied with ill-dissembled trepidation, that the latter was a public man, and of course amenable to public opinion. 'True, rejoined major Jennings, sir John Moore was a public man, and his conduct unquestionably open to public discussion, but there was a medium from which no man in his presence should depart with impunity. Mr. Croker had transgressed the limits of fair and honourable discussion, but he would allow such transgressions no more. He had served, he said, with sir John Moore in various parts of the world, a braver nor more skilful officer did not now exist. —He respected him while living, and he would not suffer his memory to be insulted, now that he was no more!' Mr. Croker, mr. Croker, how did you look when these words were uttered? Into what insignificance did the paltry babbler sink in the presence of the generous and honest soldier! Some of the company held down their heads, some blushed for you, some tittered, some expected the *Retort Piquante*, many supposed it would terminate *a la Canning et Castlereagh*, but you were wise, mr. Croker, you sipped your wine, and *passed it off*. However, I hope that the rebuke you experienced will teach you discretion, and that for the future you will content yourself with endeavouring to acquire a newspaper reputation. Your friend mr. Giffard is trying to write you into notoriety, but his paper unfortunately has become obscure. I see that you have opened new ground with *The Freeman's Journal*; your chance from the circulation of the paper is better here, but I would advise the gentleman who writes politics for that paper not to risk its reputation by publishing such *critiques*, as those with which he has favoured us upon 'The Battles of Tallevera.'

LEONIDAS.

Literary Review.

WE regret that our arrangement will not suffer us this month to complete our literary review as we expected. Measures, however, are taken to give an impartial and succinct account of the principal works which issue from the British press, while we shall bestow a much more extended commentary on the few that are published in Dublin.

Biographical

Biographical Regiſter.

IN all ages of the world and by every claſs of ſociety, the memoirs of illuſtrious men have been placed in the firſt ranks of literature. Indeed there is no one but feels a curioſity to enquire into the private life of illuſtrious men, and who does not feel an intereſt to be introduced, as it were, into their domeſtic circles. Accordingly the biographer has been received with diſtinction into every company, and an acquaintance with his works, while it conſtitutes the moſt agreeable relaxation of our leiſure moment, is ſeldom attended with inſtruction. Literary characters have taken advantage of this natural propenſity of mankind, and books of biography have been almoſt infinitely multiplied. Moſt of theſe books however are ſo expenſive as to be out of the reach of the general reader, but even if they were eaſily obtained, few of them contain notices of contemporary characters, or of ſuch as have recently paid the debt of nature. This deſideratum the editor of the *Hibernian Magazine* ſhall endeavour to ſupply by publiſhing monthly a biographical ſketch of eminent men, in whatever rank of life, or celebrated for whatever qualities, NOW LIVING or who have lately figured on the theatre of public affairs. The preſent number only exhibits a ſlight ſpecimen of the plan he means to purſue, a plan which before the publication for October, he truſts will be completely digeſted.

Anecdotes.

WHEN the great earl of Stair was embaſſador in Holland, he gave frequent entertainment, to which the foreign miniſters were conſtantly invited, not excepting even thoſe of France, though hoſtilities were then commencing between the two countries. In return, the French reſident as conſtantly invited the Engliſh and Auſtrian embaſſadors upon the like occaſions. The French miniſter was a man of conſiderable wit and vivacity. One day he propoſed a health in theſe terms: 'The riſing ſun,' (my maſter), alluding to the motto of Louis XIV. which was pledged by the whole company. It then came to the baron Rieſbach's turn to give a health, and he, in the ſame humour, gave 'The moon and fixed ſtars,' in compliment to the empreſs-queen. When it came to the Engliſh ambaſſador's turn, the eyes of all the company were turned upon him, but no way daunted, he drank his maſter by the name of 'Joſhua the ſon of Nun, who made the ſun and moon to ſtand ſtill.'

IN the year 1760, Breſlaw, a town in Pruſſian Sileſia, was beſieged by 30,000 Auſtrians, under the command of the celebrated Laudohn. The Pruſſian general Tauentzein, with only 3000 men, ſucceſsfully defended the place. Laudohn, impatient at his obſtinacy, declared to the Pruſſian general, that if he compelled him to ſtorm the town, 'he would not even ſpare the infant in the womb.' To this barbarous ſummons Tauentzien humorouſly replied, 'I am not with child, neither are any of my ſoldiers; I ſhall then hold out as long as I can.'

Nightingales.

A CURIOUS circumſtance is mentioned by the philoſopher Kircherus, 'that the young Nightingales which are hatched under other birds never ſing till they are inſtructed by the company of other Nightingales:' and mr. Penant affirms, that the Nightingales that viſit Scotland have not the ſame harmony as thoſe of Italy; which would lead us to ſuſpect, that the ſinging of birds, like human muſic, is an artificial language, rather than a natural expreſſion of paſſion.

The Shamrock of September.

The White Rose of England.

THE royal family presents an illustrious assemblage of grand and amiable characters to be revered and admired: we now propose with becoming humility, to say something of the white rose of England: danger at this day there can be none, in reviving this elegant appellation and applying it to the distinguished prince of modern times, notified by the designation, the rival roses having coalesced in the house of Tudor, and the succession to the throne being now clearly ascertained by the act of settlement. His royal highness Frederick duke of York is the second son of our gracious sovereign, a cognation than which none can be deemed greater upon earth, while reciprocably his personal qualifications reflect a lustre upon his descent. Like the Cambrian prince, he affects no supercilious reserve towards the nation, in consequence of his exalted birth, being frequently seen in the circles of the nobility, and sometimes also in the plebeian circles: boxing matches, however, are a remnant of barbarism, and should be discouraged, rather than patronized, by the great. Our condescending prince, having a genius for war, has been in some battles, where he displayed intrepidity, with every property of a genuine general: Brunswick and bravery are synonymous terms, and valour in the duke of York shines with intense lustre; at the same time, if it does so, this characteristical quality of his race is a rational principle, and not a mere impulse of the will; that is, his courage is accompanied with caution, and presence of mind. Notwithstanding this, it has been the opinion of the British cabinet, it was a maxim of policy, not to employ any of the royal family, who have chosen the profession of arms, much in actual warfare: his royal highness therefore, for many years past, appeared at the head of the army, only with regard to discipline and promotion, a post for which he was naturally calculated, as well by his military talents, as by his near relation to royalty, and the duties of which he discharged with fidelity and honour. His conduct as commander in chief having been lately investigated, he made an able defence of his innocence in his letter to the house of commons, by whom his integrity was ratified: now surely to have resigned so important a situation, from deference to a spirit which the constitution sanctions, and the exercise of which, in some instances, may be proper and useful, says a vast deal for his patriotism: while his perfect reconciliation with the duke of Richmond, in not impeding the political advancement of his grace, forms a most brilliant trait in his character. Indeed we believe our white rose to be a sincere lover of his country, as well as possessed of a truly benevolent and forgiving disposition, the brightest ornament of a christian; and though we cannot pretend to hold him up as a model of human excellence, we nevertheless feel no hesitation in affirming, he has twenty good qualities, for one of an opposite description. His royal highness the white rose, does not think himself obliged to be strictly connubial, contrary to the example from the throne, which is accurately so, and notwithstanding his own consort, both from personal and mental accomplishments, merits the whole of his tenderness. It gives us however infinitely more pleasure to record his virtues, than to mention his faults; among the former may be reckoned his love of order, such as his respect for the paramount claims of the prince of Wales, and such also is his veneration for the British constitution, which may jointly be termed the manifold wisdom of human genius. His royal highness possesses

an honeſt ſimplicity of manners, together with a modeſt and docile temper; his gentleneſs nevertheleſs can be rouzed, but he is not vindictive; as the monarch of the foreſt may yield to a ſtrong gale, and remain an oak ſtill. While his dutiful attention to their majeſties calls for the warmeſt ſtrains of panegyric, his fraternal affection alſo deſerves commemoration, both with reſpect to the royal dukes, his gallant and magnanimous brothers, and with regard to the princeſſes, his elegantly beautiful and excellently amiable ſiſters. The duke of York, like every one of the royal family, has been endowed with a handſome perſon; his intellectual and moral powers are truly reſpectable; and while his connections with a better world muſt and will conſole him for incidental vexations from the preſent, there can be no doubt but his loyalty and patriotiſm, his candour, hoſpitality, diſintereſtedneſs, and other princely qualifications, will ſtand recorded in the annals of hiſtory.

A View of Ballykeel Edengonnel.

THERE are numerous Ballykeels in the county of Down, generally with ſome additional words, to diſtinguiſh them from one another; thus, within the ſpace of a few miles, are three of thoſe Ballykeels, to wit, Ballykeel Lougherin, Ballykeel Loughaughary, and Ballykeel Edengonnel, ſo ſituated, that if an equilateral triangle were deſcribed about them, each of them would be in an angle of the triangle. We know nothing about thoſe ancient words, or what they ſignify, farther than they are deſcriptive apellations, as almoſt all the Hibernian names of places are ſaid to be; ſo that if an Iriſh grammarian would take the trouble to explain ſome of theſe Mileſian denominations, his work might be particularly valuable. Ballykeel Edengonnel is bounded by Magheradartan on the eaſt, Revernon on the north, Cornreagh on the weſt, and Edentecullo on the ſouth: it is a townland of conſiderable extent, and agreeably diverſified with hills and dales, of a fertile ſoil, being fit either for tillage or paſturage, whence the farmer draws lucrative crops. Corn, potatoes and flax, are the articles which it uſually produces in abundance; while the clerical emoluments from thoſe products are demanded with the greateſt delicacy. In general, the tythes of the clergy, as they are vicariouſly and mercifully collected among us, ſhould not be conſidered as a grievance; the eſtabliſhed church, more than any other ſecondary cauſe, preſerves the morality of the nation; now it would be difficult to deviſe any other plan for ſupporting the regular prieſthood of the country, equally proper with that which has the ſanction of our legiſlature. Snug houſes and ſweet gardens are interſperſed through this diſtrict, and there is a deal of weaving done in it, both in the linen and muſlin branches of the trade. Deſcending from Edentecullo, a middling rivulet waters the whole of its eaſtern ſide, ſoothing the ear with its gentle murmurs, and leading the eye to finely ſhelving banks, variegated with buſhes and adorned with countleſs flowers: particularly in ſpring, moſt delightful is a walk along thoſe banks, from the profuſion of daiſes, primroſes, violets and hyacinths, which they produce; in ſummer, again, the bloſſoms of the numerous alders which grace Ballykeel Edengonnel, by their extenſiveneſs, multiplicity, laviſh whiteneſs, and ſtrong contraſt with the verdure of the boughs whereon they hang in ſimilar feſtoons, make its roads pleaſant. Where the above rivulet firſt touches this townland, ſtands the meeting houſe of Anahilt, ſurrounded with firs, which give it a pleaſing ſolemnity, while the eloquence of its pulpit continues to be a

powerful

powerful auxillary to the cauſe of religion and virtue. Following the ſtream as well as from the new road to Comber, one has to admire a variety of beautiful proſpects towards the north, and all that tract of country between Liſburn and Belfaſt, which riſes above deſcription; while towards the ſunny ſouth and windy weſt, appears the Downſhire park, ſo exceedingly ſylvan over the hills, as to remind one of the plantations of Shalum, mentioned in the Spectator. Ballykeel Edengonnel, as well as Cornreagh, has long been diſtinguiſhed for pretty girls, whom to ſee coming to church, dreſſed with a rural neatneſs, and looking health, innocence, and modeſt ſanctity, is one of the moſt charming ſights in the creation. From the ſame ſide are brought moſt of the materials for the new buildings, carrying on in the town of Hillſylvania, with a ſpirit which does much honour to its inhabitants, and which it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, the richeſt ſubject in the county, amidſt the dawning glories of his maturity, will not fail to encourage.

A Harveſt Hymn.

NOW the ſun weighs the year in the heavenly ſcales,
Neither this way, nor that way, the balance prevails:
We now quit the covert, to muſe on the plain,
Where rejoicing the peaſant, in ſhocks ſtands the grain.
Good health to the farmer, the prop of the ſtate,
The plain honeſt man, who works early and late;
Good health, and good weather, his crop to ſecure,
With grace to conſider the wants of the poor.

With charity piety let him combine,
Reciting the praiſes of goodneſs divine,
That crowns with ſuch viſible bounty the year,
And makes the ripe ſheaf in its ſeaſon appear!
But if praiſe for the bread that ſhall periſh be due,
Much more for the bread in a ſpiritual view,
That gives life to the ſoul, and ſhall never decay,
Which Heaven by the goſpel vouchſafes to convey.

All ye who delight mercy rich to record,
Sons and daughters of Zion, rejoice in the Lord;
When you look on the world, render thanks to his name,
When you look in the bible, ſtill more do the ſame;
Wherever you are, and whatever you do,
As the end of your lives, keep his glory in view;
His ſervants on earth, give him praiſe, give him praiſe,
Till the ſong of the Lamb in his preſence you raiſe.

Hillſylvania. AGLAUS.

Life of a Lounger. *(Continued from page 467.)*

THIS kind of life had its pleaſures for a while, but it no ſooner loſt its variety than it became inſipid. The modes and manners of the faſhionable world introduce ſuch an uniformity into all faſhionable characters, that variety muſt not be looked for in the high world. It is a very juſt remark of Fielding, that all the varieties of life and character are to be ſought in humble life, for that the effect of faſhion and politeneſs is to introduce a dead level into all circumſtances and characters of what is called the *ton*.

Wearied therefore with this life, I refuſed any longer to mix with company, and for whole hours confined myſelf to my room. Sometimes I would ſleep, ſometimes I would ariſe and walk; I took down a book, but a few minutes fixed me in ſleep over it. I would then ſuddenly awake and ring for a ſervant, but before he had anſwered my ſummons I forgot what I wanted with him, and in return to his enquiries only yawned in his face.

In the meantime my wife made many attempts to arouſe me from my languor; but ſhe, poor woman, was as ill provided for any active employment or amuſement as myſelf. She was perfectly good-tempered, and what the world calls accompliſhed, but was totally without any energy of mind, was totally deſtitute of thoſe intellectual

intellectual qualities which enable a reasonable being to find a fund of entertainment in himself.

During all this time, from January to June, my life seemed to hang upon a thread; a new play, and the expectation of it, would sometimes keep me alive for a week together; but at length new plays became so frequent that they ceased to be novelties, and I lost this source of amusement. I then took to boxing-matches; but after I had seen two or three battles I had enough of pugilism, and the heroes of the fist lost their attraction. I then took to driving, and drove four-in-hand with some style. This, however, soon became as troublesome to me as all my former occupations; I one day fell asleep on my box, and my horses, after carrying me from Bedfont to London, tumbled me out at the corner of my own street; I drove but once more, and again falling asleep, and demolishing an apple-stall, I found it necessary to abandon it for ever.

My wife, having in vain essayed every thing to rouse me from my lethargy at length gave up the task in despair, and betook herself to other diversions and other society. Her excessive animal spirits preserved her from that indolent nothingness into which my early habits had irrevocably plunged me, and I was surprised, and indeed envied her gaiety. She was always either in company or preparing for it. In this manner she was, or seemed to be, eternally happy, and as far as a being could be so without thought, she had every thing she could wish.

Something however now occurred which for the time awakened me out of a month's slumber. I had for some time thought that I perceived a change in my wife, but was unwilling to give into a suspicion, and too indolent to examine it. One evening, however, between asleep and awake, I was lying on a sofa in my library, and my red gown thrown over me, so that I was in fact imperceptible, my wife and one of my most intimate friends now entered the room, and locked the door. To say all in a word, I had indubitable proof of my own dishonour.

I now applied myself to procure a divorce; and this was a delightful amusement to me for a tolerable time. The lawyers threw the business backward and forward, and every one seemed to anticipate that from my inveterate indolence I should never get through it. They were mistaken, however, since unfortunately for me I procured a divorce too easily. I had now absolutely nothing to do, and sunk into a state of the most inextricable inertness. I now lay like a log on the stream of life, and left myself entirely to the wind and tide of fortune.

(To be continued.)

London Fashions.

WALKING DRESS.—A flushing hat of white Italian chip, a cap of the same material appearing underneath, ornamented with a wreath of oak-leaves and acorns, bound round the edge with blossom pink ribband. Round dress of jaconet muslin, made tight to the shape, slashed Spanish front, laced with ribband the same as the hat, open before low enough to admit the figure; bosom and sleeves composed of hail stone spotted muslin, frilled with scollop lace; train sloped up in front *à la-Parisienne*, and bound with ribband; *Persèse* scarf of Prussian blue silk, brought across the back and bosom, and round the neck, confined to the waist by a band and clasp. Gaitered slippers of blue kid and yellow jean. Glove of York tan. Parasol brown or blue. The hair in light ringlet curls. Gold hoop ear-rings. Elastic ribband bracelets, with gold snaps.

CHELTENHAM

CHELTENHAM ASSEMBLY
BALL DRESS.

A Spanish hat, the front composed of green satin ribband of two different shades, wrought in trellis work, the crown of correspondent sarsnet in the melon form, ornamented with a wreath of water lilies and sea weed. A dress of sea green sarsnet, with Piedmontese jacket, trilled round the neck with scollop lace, and bound with ribband; let in at the seams, the bosom, and the bottom of the petticoat with a sea weed bordering, vandyked lattice work sleeves of ribband, worn over long lace sleeves. A rich lace drapery, confined to the waist by a band and Sphinx brooch, reaching behind to the bordering of the petticoat, and caught up on the right side with a cord and tassel suspended from the clasp. Amber bracelets, necklace, and earrings. Shoes of a pale yellow and green, white kid gloves, and Indian fan, complete the whole of this singularly elegant and novel dress.

General Observations on the most approved Fashions for the Season.

THE natural world and the *beau monde* have different periods allotted to them of rest and retirement, and the luxuriance and full gaiety of the one are contrasted with the supineness and sterility of the other. In short, fashion and nature are children of different parents; at the season in which the harvest of fashion is gathered, when the imagination teems with novelty, and the progeny of fancy is ushered into light, the world of nature is stript of its gaiety, and reposes in cheerless and rugged nakedness. In a word, the seasons of the *beau monde* are precisely the reverse of those of nature. When the embellishments of nature are withering under the touch of autumn and winter; when the lap of creation is emptied of its gayest ornaments, and its productive powers are partially suspended, it is then that the magic sceptre of fancy conjures up a creation of her own; publishes her laws to the manufactory and the loom; musters her votaries, inlists her servants, marks out his track to the genius of invention, and circumscribes with rule the volatility of taste.

The flights of our fashionable fair leave us little of novelty to communicate directly from the metropolis; gaiety and bustle have deserted our street, and whatever of invention or elegance may be worthy of notice, will be found in summer retreats.

In respect to the prevailing mode of dress we have observed but little variation since our last, none indeed but what has arisen rather from the changeableness of the weather than the fickleness of fashion or taste. Mantles and cloaks of every description are still worn, but are now generally lined with sarsnet; the opera mantle has however the pre-eminence. It is short, sloped off on one side and bound with figured embossed ribband. The peasant pelisse still stands high in fashionable approbation; it begins however to partake of the Spanish style, as indeed does every article of female attire.

The style of hats and bonnets for the outdoor costume has likewise experienced little variety, except that some have been wholly laid aside whilst others have advanced into more general favour; among the latter description is the Spanish hat in split straw, with the long white drooping ostrich feather. We must not however omit to mention the Flushing hat; it is of the gipsy form, or mountain style, in white chip, with a double or second crown supplying the place of a cap. This is at once novel, elegant, and convenient; it is usually worn with a wreath of puffed ribbands or wild flowers. The cottage bonnet is still seen, but is chiefly confined to our rising belles, except

such

ſuch as are compoſed of ſatin, with the crown a little raiſed, which ſome ingenious milliners have denominated the *Pariſian* bonnet. Caps with veils, ornamented with artificial flowers, have an undiſputed preference both in morning and evening dreſs, varying however ſlightly in their form and texture. Our more matronly belles ſeem indeed (and we think very judiciouſly) to reject the ſtraw bonnet altogether. Lace and finely embroidered muſlin, with an intermixture of ſatin, ſtand unrivalled in the conſtitution of caps, which continue ſtill to be made cloſe to the head, raiſed rather more behind than before. The Spaniſh hat and feather in ſatin is again revived. The lace veil, for ſuch of our females as cannot be prevailed on, or find it inconvenient, to diſpenſe with all covering for the head in full dreſs, is the moſt approved, with the hair dreſſed *à-la-Madona*, and a ſmall bunch of flowers placed on the left ſide, or thrown ſimply over the head in the Aſiatic ſtyle, ſupported by a ſmall cuſhion on the crown of the head, and confined by Perſian pins; the device an acorn either in gold or pearl. The hair lightly curled after the Perſian manner.

In compliment to Spaniſh valour, our belles have adopted the ſimple jacket and petticoat of their country. It is compoſed of jaconet muſlin, bound round the jacket and pocket holes with coloured ribband, with ſlaſhed laced front. This dreſs is uſually worn with the ſmall cottage mantlet, bound to correſpond; a little chip hat edged, trimmed and tied under the chin with riband, worn very much on one ſide. The plain morning dreſs, high in the neck, with long ſleeves, is by no means laid aſide, but is ſtill worn with a little jacket affixed to the back, edged with ſcollop lace. The wrap back is juſt introduced, and may be worn with a good effect by ſuch as are happy in a light airy figure; it is formed by a large half handkerchief, with the point taken off and attached to the top of the waiſt in front, croſſed over the ſhoulders, and brought round to tie in a roſette before; but it ſhould be of thinner materials.

Evening dreſſes are chiefly compoſed of crape, gauze, tiffany, opera nets, and light ſhaded farſnets. The moſt faſhionable ſtyle of conſtruction is that with the ſquare frock back, ſtrait and rather low acroſs the boſom, edged with ſcollop lace, a double row of the ſame round the bottom of the dreſs; ſhort or long ſleeves according to the fancy of the wearer, compoſed almoſt entirely of lace. The antique boddice in white or coloured farſnet is gaining faſt upon us. Saſhes we obſerve are more worn than bands, brought twice round the waiſt and tied on the left ſide.

We have little of novelty to remark in the ſtyle of jewellery; gold French combs are ſtill adopted; the pilgrim necklace and croſs in diamond, pearl, or coral, is a graceful appendage to dreſs; topaz, emeralds, and amber are ſtill worn, bracelets and brooches have not yet been reſumed.

Shoes of lemon colour, white, and green are moſt in eſteem. Gloves to correſpond. The prevailing colours are lilac, yellow, ſea green, and bloſſom pink.

Beautiful Scenery along the Banks of the Loire. Extracted from Pinkney's Travels in the South of France, juſt publiſhed.

HAVING ſeen enough of Nantes, and exchanged our coach for a kind of open barouche, particularly adapted for the French croſs roads, being very narrow, and compoſed entirely of cane, with removable wheels, ſo as to take to pieces in an inſtant, we reſumed the line of our tour, and took

took the road along the Loire for Ancennis.

It was a beautiful morning, and there being a fair at Mauves, a village on the road, nothing could be more gay than our journey at its commencement. I have forgotten to mention, that mr. Younge and myſelf, at the propoſal of the ladies, had ſent our horſes forwards, and therefore had taken our ſeats in the landau. The converſation of the ladies was ſo pleaſing and ſo intelligent, that hereafter I adopted this propoſal as often as it was offered, and as ſeldom as poſſible had recourſe to my horſe.

Mauves, which was our firſt ſtage, is moſt romantically ſituated on a hill, which forms one of the banks of the Loire. The country about it, in the richneſs of its woods, and the verdure of its meadows, moſt ſtrongly reminded me of England; but I know of no ſcenery in England, which together with this richneſs and variety of woodland and meadow, has ſuch a beautiful river as the Loire to complete it in all the qualities of a landſcape. On each ſide of this river, from Nantes, are hills, which are wooded to the ſummit, and there are very few of theſe wood tufted hills, which have not their caſtle or ruined tower. In ſome of theſe ancient buildings, there was ſcarcely any thing remaining but the two towers which guarded the grand portal; but others, being more durably conſtructed, were ſtill habitable, though ſtill retaining their ancient forms. I have frequently had occaſion to obſerve, that the French gentry, in making their repairs, invariably follow the ſtyle of the building; whether through natural taſte, or becauſe they repair by piecemeal, and therefore do only what is wanted, I know not. But there is one neceſſary conſequence from this practice, which is, that the remains of antiquity are more perfect in France than in any other kingdom in Europe. From Mauves to Oudon, where we dined, the country is ſtill very thickly wooded and incloſed; the properties evidently very ſmall, and therefore innumerable cottages and ſmall gardens. Theſe cottages uſually conſiſt of only one floor, divided into two rooms, and a ſhed behind. They were generally ſituated in orchards, and fronted the Loire. They had invariably one or two large trees, which are decorated with ribbons at ſunſet, as the ſignal for the dance, which is invariably obſerved in this part of France. Some of the peaſent girls, which came out to us with fruit, were very handſome, though brown. The children, which were in great numbers, looked healthy, but were very ſcantily clad. None of them had more than a ſhift and a petticoat, and ſome of them, girls of ten or twelve years of age, only a ſhift tied round the waiſt by a coloured girdle. As ſeen at ſome diſtance, they reminded me very forcibly of the figures in landſcape pictures.

We remained at Oudon till near ſunſet, when we reſumed our road to Ancennis, where we intended to ſleep. As this was only a diſtance of ſeven miles, we took it very leiſurely, ſometimes riding, and ſometimes walking. The evening was as beautiful as is uſual in the ſouthern parts of Europe at this ſeaſon of the year. The road was moſt romantically recluſe, and ſo ſerpentine as never to be viſible beyond an hundred yards. The nightingales were ſinging in the adjoining woods. The road, moreover, was bordered on each ſide by lofty hedges, intermingled with fruit trees, and even vines in full bearing. At every half mile a croſs road, branching from the main one, led into the receſſes of the country, or to ſome caſtle or villa on the highgrounds which overlook the river. At ſome of theſe bye-ways were very curious inſcriptions, painted

on

on narrow boards affixed to a tree. Such were, 'the way to 'My Heart's Content' is half a league up this road, and then turn to the right, and keep on till you reach it.' And another: —'The way to 'Love's Hermitage' is up this lane, till you come to the cherry-tree by the fide of a chalk-pit, where there is another direction. Mademoifelle Sillery informed me, that thefe kind of inferiptions were characteriftic of the banks of the Loire. 'The inhabitants along the whole of the courfe of this river,' faid the, 'have the reputation, from time immemorial, of being all native poets; and the reputation, like fome prophecies, has perhaps been the means of realifing itfelf. You do not perhaps know, that the Loire is called in the provinces the river of love; and doubtlefs its beautiful banks, its green meadows, and its woody receffes, have what the muficians would call a fymphony of tone with that paffion.' I have tranflated this fentence verbally from my note-book, as it may give fome idea of mademoifelle Sillery. If ever figure was formed to infpire the paffion of which fhe fpoke, it was this lady. Many days and years muft pafs over before I forget our walk on the green road from Oudon to Ancennis, one of the fweeteft, fofteft fcenes in France.

We entered the foreft of Ancennis as the fun was fetting. This foreft is celebrated in every ancient French ballad, as being the haunt of fairies, and the fcene of the ancient archery of the provinces of Bretagne and Anjou. The road through it was over green turf, in which the marks of a wheel were fcarcely vifible. The foreft on each fide was very thick. At fhort intervals, narrow footpaths ftruck into the wood. Our carriage had been fent before to Ancennis, and we were walking merrily on, when the well-known found of the French horn arrefted our fteps and attention. Mademoifelle Sillery immediately guefled it to proceed from a company of archers; and in a few moments her conjecture was verified by the appearance of two ladies and a gentleman, who iffued from one of the narrow paths. The ladies, who were merely running from the gentleman, were very tafily habited in the favourite French drefs after the Dian of David; whilft the blue filk jacket and hunting cap of the gentleman gave him the appearance of a groom about to ride a race. Our appearance neceffarily took their attention; and after an exchange of falutes, but in which no names were mentioned on either fide, they invited us to accompany them to their party, who were refrefhing themfelves in an adjoining dell. 'We have had a party at archery,' faid one of them, 'and madame St. Amaude has won the filver bugle and bow. The party is now at fupper, after which we go to the chateau to dance. Perhaps you will not fuffer us to repent having met you by refufing to accompany us.' Mademoifelle Sillery was very eager to accept this invitation, and looked rather blank when mrs. Younge declined it, as fhe wifhed to proceed on her road as quickly as poffible. 'You will at leaft accompany us, merely to fee the party'—'By all means,' faid mademoifelle Sillery. 'I muft really regret that I cannot,' faid mrs. Younge. 'If it muft be fo,' refumed the lady who was inviting us, 'let us exchange tokens, and we may meet again.' This propofal, fo perfectly new to me, was accepted: the fair archers gave our ladies their pearl crefcents, which had the appearance of being of conftderable value. Madame Younge returned fomething which I did not fee: mademoifelle Sillery gave a filver cupid, which had ferved her for an effence-bottle. The gentleman then fhaking hands with us, and the ladies embracing each other, we parted mutually fatisfied.

'Who are thefe ladies?' demanded I.

'You

'You know them as well as we do,' replied mademoiselle Sillery. 'And it is thus,' said I, 'that you receive all strangers indiscriminately?'—— 'Yes,' replied she; 'all strangers of a certain condition. Where they are evidently of our own rank, we know of no reserve. Indeed, why should we? It is to general advantage to be pleased, and to please each other.'—'But you embraced them, as if you really felt an affection for them,'—'And I did feel that affection for them,' said she, 'as long as I was with them. I would have done them every service in my power, and would even have made sacrifices to serve them.'—'And yet if you were to see them again, you would perhaps not know them,'—'Very possibly,' replied she. 'But I can see no reason why every affection should be necessarily permanent. We never pretend to permanence. We are certainly mutient, but not insincere.'

In this conversation we reached Ancennis, a village on a green, surrounded by forests. Some of the cottages, as we saw them by moonlight, seemed most delightfully situated, and the village had altogether that air of quietness and of rural retreat, which characterises the scenery of the Loire. Our horses having preceded us by an hour or more, every thing was prepared for us when we reached our inn. A turkey had been put down to roast, and I entered the kitchen in time to prevent its being spoilt by French cookery. Mademoiselle Sillery had the table provided in an instant with silver forks and table-linen. Had a Parisian seen a table thus set out at Ancennis, without knowing that we had brought all these requisites with us, he would not have credited his senses. The inns in France along the banks of the Loire, are less deficient in substantial comforts than in these ornamental appendages. Poultry is every where cheap, and in great plenty; but a French innkeeper has no idea of a table-cloth, still less of a clean one. He will give you food and a feather bed, but you must provide yourselves with sheets and table-cloths. Our accommodations, with respect to lodging for the night, were not altogether so uncomfortable: the house had indeed two floors, but there were no stairs; so that we were obliged to ascend by a ladder, and that not the best of its kind. There being, moreover, but two rooms, the one occupied by the landlord, his wife, and two grown girls, there was some difficulty as to the disposal of mademoiselle Sillery and myself. It was at length arranged that all the females in the house should sleep in one room, and all the males in another. When I came to take possession of my bed, I found that mrs. Younge had contrived to exempt her husband from this arrangement: he was now sleeping by the side of the handsomest woman in France, whilst I was lying at one end of a dirty room, the other being occupied by the snoring landlord. Fatigue, however, according to the proverb, is better than a bed of down; I accordingly soon fell asleep, and mademoiselle Sillery was not absent from my dreams. I should not forget to mention, as another specimen of French manners, that I learned from this lady on the following day, that she had slept with her sister and her husband. Such are French manners.

On the following morning, induced by the example of the landlord, and by the beauty of the rising sun, I rose early, and accompanied by my host, walked into the fields round the village. The environs of Ancennis appeared to me extremely beautiful, whether from the mere effect of novelty, or that they really were so, I know not. Some of the neater cottages were situated in gardens very carefully cultivated, and so much in the style of England, that, but for some characteristic frivolities, I could

ſcarcely believe myſelf in France. In every garden, or orchard, I invariably obſerved one tree diſtinguiſhed above the reſt; it had uſually a ſeat around its trunk, and where its top was large enough, a railed ſeat, or what is called in America, a look-out, among its branches. I had the curioſity to aſcend to ſome of theſe, for the garden gates were invariably only latched, and ſmall pieces of wood were nailed to the trunk, ſo as to aſſiſt the aſcent of the women. The branches, which formed the look-out, were carved with the names of the village beauties, and in one of the ſeats I found a French novel, and a very pretty paper work-box. I ſaw enough to conclude that Ancennis was not without the characteriſtic French elegance; and I muſt once for all ſay, that the manners of Marmontel are founded in nature, and that the daughters of the yeomanry and humbler farmers in France have an elegance, a vivacity, and a pleaſantry, which is no where to be found out of France.

On my return, I found mademoiſelle Sillery at the breakfaſt table; and in anſwer to her enquiries as to the object of my walk, informed her of my obſervations. She replied, that they were very well founded, and added a reaſon for it which ſeemed to me very ſatisfactory. 'The French girls,' ſaid ſhe, 'all at leaſt who learn to read, are formed to this elegance and ſoftneſs by the very elements of their education; their claſs-book is Marmontel, and *La Belle Aſſemblée*, the laſt, one of the pretticſt novels in France. They are thus taught love with their letters, and they improve in gallantry as they improve in reading; and I will venture to ſay,' continued this elegant girl, 'that by this method of inſtruction we make a greater progreſs than your ladies in America. An alphabet is ſoon learned where there is a love-ſtory at the end of it.'

We ſhortly after reſumed our progreſs, and paſſed through a country of the ſame kind as on the preceding day, alternate hill and valley. The Arno, as deſcribed by the Tuſcan poets, for I have never ſeen it, muſt bear a ſtrong reſemblance to the Loire from Ancennis to Angers; nothing can be more beautiful than the natural diſtribution of lawn, wood, hill, and valley, while the river, which borders this ſcenery, is ever giving it a new form by its ſerpentine ſhape. The favourite images in the landſcapes of the ancient painters here meet the eye almoſt every league: cattle reſting under the ſhade, and attentively viewing the river, while the country around is of a nature and character which the fancy of a poet would ſelect for the haunt of Dian and her huntreſſes. The peaſantry, as many of them as we met, ſeemed to have that life and ſpirits the ſure reſult of comfort; if they were not invariably well cloathed, they ſeemed at leaſt ſufficiently ſo for the climate of the province. The younger women had dark complexions and ſhining black eyes; their ſhapes were generally good, and their air and vivacity, even in the lower ranks, ſuch as peculiarly characteriſe the French people. If addreſſed, they were rather obliging than reſpectful, and had all of them a compliment at their tongues' end. It was not indeed eaſy to get rid of them with a mere word or queſtion. I muſt add, however, that I am here deſcribing their manner to mr. Younge and myſelf. Towards the ladies it was ſomewhat different. When madame or mademoiſelle ſpoke to them, they ſeemed modeſt and reſpectful in the extreme; to the latter, indeed, they were more familiar, and many of them, on giving the adieu after a ten minutes converſation, very prettily embraced her, gently putting their arms round her neck, and kiſſing her left ſhoulder, a form of ſalutation very common in the

the French provinces. In a word, the more I saw of the French character, the more did I wish that the more weighty and valuable qualities of the English and American character, their honesty and their sincerity, were accompanied by the gentleness, the grace, the affectionate benevolence, which characterise the French manners.

Ingrande, where we dined, is the last town of the province of Bretagne, on the Loire, and thenceforwards we entered Anjou. It is a town of above three hundred houses, built round the base of a sandy hillock, the church being on the hill. The houses are intermingled with trees, and the country very prettily planted. It is not to be expected that the habitations in such a town could be any better than cottages; but they were tolerably clean, and not very ruinous.

We had now passed through the province of Bretagne as it lies along the Loire, and it is but justice to say, that in point of natural scenery, in the wildness and tranquillity which constitute what I should term the romance of landscape, it exceeds every thing in Europe. Along the banks of the Loire, France has meadows, the verdure of which will not sink in comparison with those of England. Along the banks of the Loire, moreover, France has woodlands, and lawns, and an intermixture of wood and water, and every possible variety of surface, which no country in the world but France can produce. The Loire is perhaps the only river in Europe which is bordered by hills and hillocks, and which, in so long a course, so seldom passes through a mere dead level. Accordingly, from the earliest times of the French monarchy, the rising grounds of the Loire have been selected for the sites of castles, monasteries, abbeys, and chateaux, and as the possessors have superadded art to nature, this natural beauty of the grounds has been improving from age to age. The monks have been immemorially celebrated for their skill as well in the choice of their situations as in their improvement of natural advantages; their leisure and their taste, improved by learning, have naturally been employed on the scenes of their residence, on their vineyards, and their gardens. Innumerable are the still remaining vestiges of their taste and of their industry, and I have a most sincere satisfaction in thus doing them justice; in thus bearing my testimony, that, so far from being the drones of the land, there is no part of a province which they possessed, but what they have improved. The scenery along the Loire has a character which I should think could not be found in any other kingdom, and on any other river. Towns, windmills, steeples, ancient castles, and abbeys still entire, and others with nothing remaining but their lofty walls; hills covered with vines, and alternate wood and corn-fields—altogether form a landscape, or rather a chain of landscapes, which remind one of a poem, and successively refreth, delight, animate, and exalt the imagination. Is there any one oppressed with grief for the loss of friends, or what is still more poignantly felt, for their ingratitude and unkindness? let him traverse the banks of the Loire; let him appeal from man to nature, from a world of passion and vice, to scenes of groves, meads, and flowers. His must be no common sorrow, who would not forget it on the banks of the Loire.

The Merchants Daughter. A Novel.
(Continued from page 453.)

CHAP. III.

When a woman holds the scales, a feather has prodigious weight. *Looker On*

MR. HOLLINGSBY accompanied his daughter on the morning of her departure to the house of his friend

friend Millington, where she was received with much cordiality by the old gentleman, and stateliness by his sister miss Juana, who, though neither young nor handsome, wished to impress others with an idea that she still had some attractions; which claim was readily allowed by those who viewed through a perspective glass the twenty thousand pounds she would inherit at her brother's death; and, notwithstanding the 'poor dear old soul,' as she called him, was an invalid, and full four years older than herself, it was wonderful to see how very stoutly he clung to life, as if determined to wear out her thread-bare patience. On a first glance at travelling companions, the giddy Cornelia would have indulged her risibility, but for an impressive frown from her father, which immediately enforced obedience to the necessary rules of good breeding. The dress and appearance of Juana was certainly ludicrous in the extreme, for affectation of youth rendered the ravages of age more perceptible, and consequently less respectable; her high bony forehead was decorated with a profusion of flaxen ringlets, which suited badly with her fierce black eyes and tawny complexion; a bright green riding-habit displayed her spare and awkward figure to little advantage, while a cravat, loosely tied round her scraggy throat, and richly bordered with Spanish snuff, completed a *tout ensemble* particularly striking.

Cornelia, however, was soon reconciled to the absurdity of her appearance, and was much delighted with her journey; her affectionate attention to the infirmities of old Millington soon ingratiated her in his favour, though she thereby rendered herself the object of Juana's confirmed envy and dislike. Millington sometimes diverted himself, and sometimes grew peevish, at her absurdities; but her unwearying attention to his infirmities claimed his gratitude; and as self-love blinded him to the motives of that attention, he overlooked those peculiarities of manner and temper, which so frequently exposed her to the ridicule of others, justly considering, that she was the only one who suffered from the mortification.

As it was rather late in the evening when they reached Bath, mr. Millington observed, that it would perhaps break in upon lady Clerville's regular habits, if Cornelia went to her the same night; he therefore obligingly requested her to remain with them; which she readily agreed to, dreading the formality of a first introduction to a person who, she doubted not, was 'big with self-importance, sedate, and awfully majestic.' Impressed with this idea, Cornelia, after taking an early breakfast, habited herself in a plain white cambric gown, her beaver hat tied closely down, and thus modestly attired, waited for an answer to the note which she had sent by a waiter, to apprise lady Clerville of her arrival. The man soon returned, with word that her ladyship was not up then, but would be glad to receive miss Hollingsby about twelve o'clock. Cornelia began to fear that lady Clerville was indisposed, and she apprehended that she should pass but a dull time at Bath with an invalid. About half past eleven a servant came, for the purpose of attending our heroine to Pulteney-street; and Cornelia, with a trembling heart, repaired to the mansion of her formidable aunt.

Lady Clerville was reclining on an ottoman, in an elegantly furnished apartment, and half rose at the entrance of her expected guest, who retreated a few steps in astonishment, at beholding a figure so very different from what her imagination had pictured. Lady Clerville, clad in a beautiful robe of Andalusian silk,

silk, displaying every motion of her finely formed figure, and with head uncovered, except by the partial shade of a lace veil, which fell carelessly on one side, leaving the exuberant ringlets on the other free to flutter on the damask cheek, appeared not more than five and thirty to our novice, who was ignorant how effectually art can be employed to conceal the depredations of time. She held out her hand to Cornelia, and drawing her towards her, with an encouraging smile saluted her cheek; then making way for her on the same seat, said, 'I suppose you have breakfasted, my dear; so, as I make no stranger of you, I will take mine.' Cornelia made an apology for disturbing her before her usual time. Lady Clerville laughed —'Why, indeed, my dear, I should have imagined that a London young lady knew better than to rise so unfashionably early; but never mind, we shall soon make you one of us.' Lady Clerville then raised a glass, which was suspended to her neck by a gold chain, and eying Cornelia with much attention, cried, 'Vastly well, child, you are not so much a miss as I expected; I was afraid my brother had neglected you sadly; but I see I shall be able to make something of you, when you get rid of that awkward *mauvaise honte*.'

Cornelia knew not how to understand this raillery, but as her aunt seemed affable and lively, she took it all in good part, and assured her ladyship that she would endeavour to profit by her instructions. 'Well then, my dear girl, put off that suffocating large hat, and as your things are not unpacked yet, I must equip you from my own stock; come, let us repair to the dressing-room.' Cornelia tripped lightly after her aunt, and, by her desire, tied on a light silk handkerchief and a short veil, which her fashionable friend told her was quite sufficient: 'and now,' said she, 'we will go and make a few purchases.' As they passed along, Cornelia was delighted with the gaiety and splendor she beheld on all sides, where she enjoyed all the variety without the bustle of London; she, nevertheless, felt some embarrassment at the loud remarks that were made by several fashionable loungers; for lady Clerville affected singularity in her dress; and having the advantage of a figure on which every thing looked well, she generally set the fashion at Bath. As they crossed the parade, two officers behind them were diverting themselves with their comments and conjectures: 'Curse me, if it a'nt a new thing,' cried one. 'Pha!' replied the other, 'you are always fly catching: prithee! come along.' —'No, by heaven!' exclaimed his companion, 'I will have a peep if you pull my arm off: a soldier never minds the loss of a limb, whether the cause be love or glory.' At these words, the enamoured hero passed, staring Cornelia full in the face; at another time she would have been greatly distressed by this piece of impertinence, but the grotesque appearance of this military puppy, while literally hanging upon the arm of a most elegant young man, extorted a smile which she could not repress, and which he construed into a sort of encouraging signal. Captain Millman, that admirer of beauty, measured in height barely five feet, his form was meagre and his countenance haggard, with age and dissipation; he had sustained the loss of one eye, while the other, in sympathy, seemed perpetually seeking its absent assistant, though its search was unfortunately impeded by his huge nose, which cherished, as it seemed, by Bacchus, was the most healthy looking feature in his saffron coloured visage—

Yet, spite of all that uncouth fate,
And cruel fortune bade to hate,
This creature dared to love.

Lady

Lady Clerville archly jogged Cornelia's elbow, faying, 'Alas! my dear, you are loft; Cupidon has fixed his eye upon you: now refift the power of fcarlet, if you can.' Courtney, the companion of Millman, hearing thefe words, looked a little confufed, and repeated them to the captain, who was preparing a retort courteous; but, juft at the moment, fpying colonel Sibthorpe, he thought of a better revenge, and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by the ladies, 'Happily met, colonel; here is a bewitching little creature juft come among us, can you tell who fhe is? —I mean this one, with a tall affected prig of a governefs by her fide.'

'Mount your quizzer, Millman,' faid the gallant colonel, 'and reconnoitre; cannot you diftinguifh better. I thought you was on lady Clerville's lift; come, fhall I announce you.'—'Place me in a mortar rather, and blow me to atoms,' replied Millman, flinking off; 'I am done up in that quarter. Gadfo! I have made a fuperlative blunder.' Lady Clerville, approaching the colonel, faid, laughingly, 'Prithee, my good friend, fend that officer back to the guard-houfe, to fetch his manners, he wants them fadly to wait upon his wit; and, by the way, Sibthorpe, I muft enlift you this evening; I fhall have a party and want a few tolerables; you are not engaged I hope. Mr. Courtney, I fhall be happy to fee you.'

Courtney bowed, and feemed highly gratified by the invitation. 'I was coming to offer your ladyfhip fome tickets for the maiter's ball,' faid Sibthorpe, ; 'but perhaps you are provided.'—'No,' returned lady Clerville, 'I fhall certainly go; my little niece here—but I have not introduced you; colonel Sibthorpe, mifs Hollingfby, mr. Courtney.' This ceremony adjufted, lady Clerville continued, 'My niece muft not lofe any of the pleafures of Bath, as her ftay may be fhort.'—'Too long for us, I fear,' cried the flattering colonel, bowing conceitedly to Cornelia, who felt the colour mounting on her cheeks. 'Is mifs Hollingfby the hundreth, or only the ninety ninth, young lady to whom you have addreffed that filly compliment, my good friend?' afked lady Clerville. 'Nay, now,' rejoined the colonel, fhewing his fine teeth, 'I muft not let you be fo fevere upon me, or I fhall fufpect you of that womanith failing, envy.'—'Well, well; I cannot ftand prattling here; I muft take this girl to fifty places.' At this intimation the colonel bowed profoundly, and wheeled off.

When they were out of hearing, lady Clerville faid, turning to her niece, 'That colonel Sibthorpe is the moft confummate coxcomb in exiftence, and, *entre nous*, one of the greateft hypocrites.'—'And yet your ladyfhip condefcends to countenance him,' returned Cornelia, fmiling.—'Very true,' replied lady Clerville, fhrugging her fhoulders; 'and fuch things muft be; Sibthorpe is a man of fortune, high in military rank, and as a woman's vanity muft be gratified, a few abfurdities may now and then be tolerated. The colonel is not an immortal man, therefore I think myfelf juftified in being civil to him; efpecially as it gives me the opportunity of ferving others. In fact, his character is made up of negatives; he is not a fool, he is not a libertine, nor yet a fharper; and, I muft declare to you, my dear girl, that many ladies of fafhion admit even thefe in their train, merely for the fake of being admired and celebrated.'—, And is this my fage, formal aunt?' thought Cornelia, as fhe accompanied the gay lady Clerville from fhop to fhop, where fhe toffed over heaps of filks, laces, and trinkets; fometimes without making the fmalleft purchafe. At their return, Cornelia found that her trunks

were

were arrived, and she busied herself unpacking till it was time to dress for dinner. We will take the opportunity of her being so engaged, to enter more circumstantially into the history and character of lady Clerville.

With an inexhaustible fund of sprightliness, this gay woman of fashion possessed a good heart and a virtuous disposition; yet the little regard she paid to established rules, exposed her to the slanders of rigid prudence, or malignant envy. Laura Hollingsby on the marriage of her brother, was brought into society far above her early expectations, in point of rank, and in consequence, her ambitious hopes elevated themselves proportionately. On the death of her father, she was consigned to the guardianship of one who had ever been a most zealous friend to the family; Sir William Clerville was then five and forty, his ward nineteen, yet the disparity of their years did not prevent the susceptible baronet from bestowing his affections on his captivating charge, and ultimately making her an offer of marriage. Laura, who thought of nothing but being mistress of a handsome establishment, and had formed no other idea of marriage than what was associated with independence, assured him, with much grace and sweetness, that she considered his proposal as a most flattering distinction. Sir William, delighted at this ready and unlooked-for compliment, loaded her with caresses and presents; and their marriage was solemnised with the greatest splendor. Her little heart danced with pleasure at the homage paid her wherever she went, and as her purse was liberally supplied by her doating husband, she thought herself in possession of every earthly blessing. A pulmonary complaint at length obliged sir William to visit Spa; Laura was seriously alarmed; for his kindness to her hand rendered gratitude as warm a sentiment in her breast as love, and she prepared to accompany him with alacrity, which encreased his regard.

To render her affectionate attendance less irksome, Sir William made a gradual tour through France and Italy, and on the continent his lady imbibed a fresh taste for shew and dissipation; yet she remained a faithful wife and tender assiduous nurse, till death released her from a tie, which many girls of her age would have considered insupportable. Having no family, and being left to the uncontrouled guidance of her conduct and fortune, she began to feel the advantages of liberty, and was soon surrounded by a variety of lovers, attracted equally by her beauty, accomplishments, and fortune; but her heart was still untouched, and she resolved never again to bestow her hand unbiassed by affection. Thus was her ladyship situated, when it occured to her that a female companion would be both agreeable and eligible for her, and her thoughts turned on the daughter of her brother, as one whom the tie of relationship would attach more closely to her interest, and with whom she might participate in more unrestrained confidence.

(To be contin'd.)

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

In consequence of the growing taste for music which of late years has encreased in Ireland to a degree which the most sanguine admirers of the science never presumed to hope, we deem it expedient to insert a monthly review of such musical publications as are likely to obtain estimation. This department of the Magazine will be conducted with impartiality—at least a single number or two will enable the amateur to perceive whether it will be executed with judgment. It is acknowledged,

knowledged, on all hands, to be a defideratum, in periodical publications; the editor entertains fanguine hopes that it will be attended with fuccefs.

Kitty of Coleraine. Sung at the Theatre Royal Crow ſtreet, by Mr. Johnſtone. Price 1s.

The principal feature of this melody is its humour. This is not only characteriſtic of the melodies, but of the natural feelings of the Iriſh, particularly the lower claſſes, who are diſtinguiſhed by a peculiar archneſs. The words are well ſet; and really they deſerve it more than nine out of ten of what are called comic ſongs. The harmonies are of the moſt ſimple deſcription, and conſiſt chiefly of the common chords, of the key note, of the dominant, and ſub-dominant. The only modulation is to the fifth of the key. With theſe ſimple harmonies, however, the compoſer has contrived to produce a ſong, very taſteful in its conſtruction; and it has already become a favourite in convivial parties.

The Butterfly's Ball, a Canzonetta, arranged for one Voice and the Piano Forte. Written by W. Roſcoe, Eſq. and compoſed by G. T. Smart. Price 2s.

This is one of the prettieſt ſongs that has fallen in our way for ſome time. Mr. Smart has conceived the words with great judgment, and has diſcovered a conſiderable ſhare of ingenuity in expreſſing them, particularly from the words 'Then the fly little dormouſe,' to 'went in his own little chamber to bed.'—The change to the minuet time is very happily introduced. There is great variety, which ſeems to ariſe naturally from the words, and not to have been forced artificially. The accompaniment is likewiſe excellent. Upon the whole, we venture to recommend it to our fair readers as an elegant and taſteful compoſition, whether we conſider the poetry or the muſic.

Love in a Tub, a favourite Paſtoral Ballet, by H. R. Biſhop, Price 6s.

We were diſappointed, on opening this work, not to find an overture. The general excellence of thoſe compoſitions, in this way, with which mr. Biſhop has favoured us, makes us regret the want of one ſtill more. If there be not ſo many traits of originality to be found in this production as in others by mr. Biſhop, there are ſeveral which diſtinguiſh it as a compoſition of conſiderable merit. A great number of the movements are in the true ballet ſtyle, and are highly characteriſtic of the ſcenes that are ſuppoſed to be going forward on the ſtage.

Sonata for the Piano Forte and Violin, or Flute, compoſed by George Eugene Griffin. 6s.

We are much pleaſed with this ſpecimen of mr. Griffin's talents. The introductory large movement is bold and maſterly; and in the following, which is an allegro moderato movement, are ſeveral paſſages that are highly indicative of ſuperior taſte: but the beſt movement is the *andante*, which is a ſpecies of *tema*. The ſubject, although in ſeveral parts it *breathes the ſpirit of Mozart*, is yet original, and mr. Griffin diſcovers no inconſiderable ſkill and ſcience in the manner of treating it. The chord of B. or the ſubmediant, is beautifully introduced; and that part is particularly good, where the *motive* is introduced, with a florid bass moving in diviſions of triplets. The concluſion is alſo excellent. It has much of the feeling, ſentiment, and freedom of an extempore performance: it appears to flow from the fountain of unpremeditating genius rather than of reflecting judgment. Mr. Griffin has

has very judiciously inserted the most essential parts of the violin accompaniment so as they may be taken by another performer on the piano forte. The last movement is rather long; but, upon the whole, this Sonata is of a description so very superior, that we wish to meet this excellent composer again and again.

Overture to the Circassian Bride.

The Linnet in the Hawthorn Bush; a favourite Song from the Opera of the Circassian Bride. By H. R. Bishop. 1s. 6d.

Helena; sung by Mrs. Bland. By the same. 1s. 6d.

Sweet Maid; ditto ditto. 1s. 6d.

The Blind Minstrel; sung by Mr. Braham. 1s. 6d.

Why should Man, at Fate repining; a Duet, sung by Mrs. Mountain and Mr. Bannister, ditto. 1s. 6d.

Welcome, Despair; a Duet, sung by Mr. Braham and Mrs. Bishop. 2s. 6d.

Simon Supple; sung by Mr. Matthews, ditto. 1s.

I love thee; a Duet, sung by Mrs. Bishop and Mr. Braham. 1s. 6d

Every Bullet has its Billet; by Mr. J. Smith. 1s.

The introductory adagio to the overture is not unworthy of Mozart himself. It is original, and scientific in the highest degree. If there be any fault, it is, perhaps, that mr. Bishop has wandered, in his modulations, so far from the original key, as to leave the hearer in uncertainty as to what that key really is. There is a maze of modulation, which would puzzle Tom Cooke or even sir John Stevenson, and we think they would find some difficulty in extricating themselves from the '*regular confusion.*' After this noble and masterly movement, what was our disappointment —we had almost said disgust—at the allegro moderato? which we should have thought better calculated for the meridian of Crow-street, where a solo upon the octave flute, with the dancing-bear-like accompaniment of the drum, has more admirers than compositions of real excellence. The common place Adantino, and country-dance-like Rondo, which immediately follow, are still worse, being precisely in Tom Cooke's manner.

Of this selection from the opera of *The Circassian Bride*, we give the preference to the duets, *I love thee*, *Welcome Despair*, *The Blind Minstrel*, and *Helena*.

The symphony of *I love thee*, is original, and the passage marked *dolce* is extremely well contrasted with the preceding staccate passage. There is something very masterly in beginning the air with the harmony of the second of the key. The chord of the diminished seventh is afterwards introduced with much effect, as the words *By heavens*; and its subsequent resolution to the 6-4, upon the dominant, produces a pleasing and satisfactory effect upon the ear. The melody is altogether extremely elegant; and the feeling manner in which the words *I love thee*, are expressed, evidently shows it was written *con amore*. The passage where the voices unite is introduced with very great skill; and upon the whole, we are happy to express our highest approbation of the taste, feeling, and science which are combined in this elegant production.

The first part of the song entitled *The Blind Minstrel*, is excellent. The minute directions which mr. Bishop has given, for performing the several passages, and for expressing the different words, discover the attention shown by himself in the composition. The manner in which he has varied the passage at the words

Sweetly told, discovers the most classical taste. The accompaniment is in every part managed with the utmost skill, and in one part imitates very successfully what we apprehend to have been the 'roll of a drum,' in the score.

The melody of the song entitled *Helena* is in the cantabile style; and there is some originality in beginning the melody with the chord of the 6-4, upon the key note. The transition the relative minor is charmingly plain i. e. and is in perfect unison with the sentiment expressed in the words. The compass is perhaps too low for the generality of treble voices; but with those voices it will suit, we have no doubt of this song becoming a favourite. The effect of it is considerably heightened by the violoncello accompaniment, which *flows* throughout.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

There is no portion of a monthly miscellany so entertaining nor any sought after with greater avidity than that in which the usual literary notices are comprized. In this department the claims of the different Magazines are various. Some are remarkable for philosophical disquisitions; some confine themselves to polite literature, and other boast of giving the most complete account of foreign productions. It is the wish and shall be the desire of the editor of the Hibernian Magazine to unite these dissimilar pursuits, and to render the *literary intelligence* in this miscellany at once comprehensive and minute. For this purpose he shall devote a considerable portion of his space to literary news from abroad, to notices of works in the press, and to the most recent philosophical intelligence. A specimen of the plan, and a specimen only is given in this number, but the next shall be every way superior.

RUSSIA.

Couns. Koehler continues his numismatical labours with great zeal. He is unceasingly cleaning the antient medals he daily receives from the Crimea, and we look to him for an immediate publication of a collection of upwards of 600 medals of kings or cities, belonging to the Greek colonies, or to the kingdoms which extended along the northern and western coasts of the Black Sea.

Count de Boutourlin is preparing in his retreat at Moscow, a second catalogue of his superb library, which is to contain exclusively the productions of the first age of printing. M. de Boutourlon passes for one of the most distinguished bibliographists of Europe, speaks almost all living languages, and possesses most extensive knowledge in natural history.

The minister of the interior has communicated to the imperial academy, at St. Petersburgh, a report upon a meteoric stone of about 160lbs. weight, which fell in the circle of Ichnow, in the government of Smolensko. We subjoin an extract.

'In the afternoon of the 13th of March, 1807, the inhabitants of the country above mentioned heard an extremely violent clap of thunder.

'Two peasants of the village of Timochim, having gone to the fields, returned soon after, and mentioned that the weather having become very dark, they heard a frightful clap of thunder, and saw falling at the same instant, at forty paces from them, a black stone of a considerable size. They were stunned during some minutes, and on recovering their senses, they ran to the place where the stone had fallen: but they could not find it, because it was buried at some depth in the snow. On the report of these peasants, many of the inhabitants of the same village went to the spot, and removed the stone which was buried

more

more than two French feet in the snow.

It appears that the love of letters has not yet much extended in Ruſſia, notwithſtanding the pains the emperor Alexander has taken, to facilitate their cultivation. The new univerſities he has founded are as yet frequented by a ſmall number of ſtudents; and complaints are ſtill made of the difficulties oppoſed to inſtruction, by the ignorance of the diſciples in the German language, and of the maſters in the Ruſſian. The profeſſors, almoſt all Germans, are reduced at Moſcow to the expedient of holding their lectures in the French language, which they know very imperfectly, and one can eaſily imagine the confuſion which muſt reſult.

DENMARK.

One of the ſaloons of the library of the univerſity of Copenhagen, is to ſerve henceforth as a depoſit, for all the monuments of the antiquities of the north, which can be found in the Daniſh ſtates. The profeſſor Nyerup has invited all individuals, who poſſeſs any of theſe curious remains, to do homage with them to this new muſeum, of which he has the direction. Hitherto, the moſt important pieces of this cabinet are four large ſtones, covered with Runic characters, and which alone remains of thirteen, aſſembled at great expence by Frederick the third, from all parts of the kingdom. They were left a long time expoſed to the injuries of the air, and finally nine of them were employed in building, after being ſtripped of their venerable characters!

Among the private libraries, which have been burnt by the bombardment of Copenhagen, we regret particularly thoſe of the profeſſors Riſbrigh, Wolf, Kierulf, and Woeldicke. With that of Breum were deſtroyed, the manuſcripts of the Iſlandic Dictionary of Olufſen, which was printing at the expence of the royal academy. This loſs will be difficult to repair.

Profeſſor Danzel, who has opened a ſubſcription for the experiment, he propoſes to make of his invention for guiding balloons, has latterly delivered to the admiralty, the model of a machine of his invention, for making a veſſel move in calm weather.

GERMANY.

The late baron of Wrede, brother to the general of that name, has left at Heidelberg, where he died, a choice collection of medals and rare woods of India, and alſo of moſt precious manuſcripts, relative to the hiſtory of the eaſt.

This collection is for ſale: but if the widow of M. de Wrede ſhould not receive ſuitable propoſals, it is to be feared, that ſhe will take back this truly curious cabinet to India, her native country, whither ſhe propoſes to return.

The friends of religion and of religious concord, will learn with pleaſure, that there has appeared at Brunſwick a new German tranſlation of the new teſtament, intended for the uſe of all chriſtian communions. It is the production of two Benedictines, Charles and Leander Van Eſs, and enlightened critics agree, that it is the beſt extant in the German language. They have printed at once two editions, one for the catholics, the other for the proteſtants: but the firſt differs from the ſecond only, by ſome additions taken from the Vulgate: both have been approved by the theologians of the reſpective communions. The two learned benedictines are occupied about the tranſlation of the ancient teſtament, upon the ſame principles. May they ſucceed as well as the paſtors of Geneva, who have given a French verſion of the bible, as much eſteemed by the catholics as by the proteſtants! If we may flatter ourſelves with the proſpect of ſome day uniting all our

churches

churches into one, the firſt ſtep muſt doubtleſs be, to underſtand one another on the primitive baſis of the faith. In three months 10,000 copies of this work were ſold.

The ſolemn renewal of the academy of Munich took place on the 27th July, 1807, under the preſidency of Couns. Jacobi. After the ſecretary-general M. Cehlichtegroll had read the royal ſtatute, which conſtitutes the academy, all the members took the oaths. The object the founder preſcribes to the academy is, to furniſh to the ſciences new reſults, or to render the old ones more fertile in conſequences, and to give currency to both in the Bavarian ſtates; ſo as to extend to the knowledge of truth the employments of what is uſeful, and the taſte of the ſublime. It is not particularly determined to what kind of labours, the academicians are to devote themſelves, becauſe liberty appears eſſential to the ſucceſs of genius in philoſophical and ſcientific ſpeculations. It is not only recommended to thoſe academicians who may be inclined to occupy themſelves with the practice, rather than the theory of the ſciences, to direct their experiments to the good of their country.

All the places are for life. Nobody can be an ordinary member, unleſs he is known to the world, for works of real merit or for important diſcoveries, and that he enjoys an unblemiſhed reputation. The academicians, when they have no other title, are to take rank with the firſt adminiſtrative places; and their widows and children are to have the ſame penſions as thoſe of the officers, who occupy thoſe places, unleſs his majeſty thinks fit to treat them ſtill more favourably. They are to enjoy conſiderable ſalaries.

In order that all means of cultivating the ſciences and literature may be at the diſpoſal of the academy, there have been united to it the royal cabinet of natural hiſtory, the cabinet of phyſics and mathematics, the polytechnical cabinet, the chemical laboratory, the cabinet of medals, the antiques, the obſervatory; and there ſhall be founded on the requiſition of the academy, any eſtabliſhments that are deſirable.

ITALY.

The celebrated jeſuit Vincent Requens has publiſhed at Rome: *Il Tamburo, ſtromento di prima neceſſità per regolamento delle truppe perfezionato.* He ſays in his preface, that to perfect the drum we muſt change its noiſe into harmonious ſounds, and find the means to ally them with the voice. What is more ſtrange again, he pretends he has ſucceeded!

On the cauſes which have contributed to multiply the number of Authors.
(From the French.)

I WISH to diſcover the ſource of that malady, of that mania of the mind, which daily multiplies authors and books, and which impels ſo many perſons, eſtimable in other reſpects, to enter upon a career for which nature has given them no vocation. It is a queſtion intereſting and delicate, particularly for a man who is himſelf making his *debut* in that line.

Self-love changes its nature with the age and morals. In the earlier ages, one is filled with the enthuſiaſm of great virtues: it is by thoſe one deſires to excel. Self-love is then a noble and generous paſſion: it is the love of glory: it ſuſtains infant ſtates; it guides and elevates them. But as ſoon as ſociety arrives at its laſt degree of policy and proſperity, the great virtues diſappear or degenerate. Self-love changes its nature, and becomes a petty paſſion called vanity. Still one wiſhes to ſhine, but not by things of importance. One is no longer capable of effecting them; nor indeed is the public any

longer

longer able to appreciate the efforts they would coft. And as, after the heart of man, what moft elevates him is his mind, it is to the mind that felf-love has recourfe; thence only it expects that fucceſs which is no longer to be looked for from the qualities of the foul.

To the ages of great virtues and great actions generally fucceeds the age of talents. The conſequence attached to great talents ſets a multitude of heads in fermentation, and puts all kinds of vanity into commotion. There comes a time, when the reputation of a man of parts is that which can leaſt be diſpenſed with. We wiſh to acquire it at any price; lay claim to it by anticipation; and eaſily imagine it is enough to ſhew ones ſelf, to obtain it.

Among that croud of authors, who have no other vocation than that ridiculous aſſumption, ſome follow good models, and the route they find traced before them: others diſdain the rules preſcribed by taſte and reaſon, and conceive the chimerical hope of ſucceeding, by the monſtrous novelty of their pictures or their ſophiſms; thence that quality of novels, where probability and nature vaniſh before the whims of a diſorganiſed imagination; thence theſe works on metaphyſics, philoſophy, morals, and politics, propped by ſyſtems engendered by vanity, and defended by prevarication; works, ſapping all received ideas, all true and uſeful principles, ought to cover their authors with ſhame; but which folly adopts without examination, party ſpirits exalt, and the paſſions warmly advocate, becauſe they flatter all the paſſions. What could the authors mean?—to make a noiſe. All modes of thining will ſuit with vanity. it is its nature to confound things the moſt oppoſite: to miſtake notoriety for glory.

But other cauſes co-operate with theſe general ones, to augment this rage for writing, which is one of the diſtinguiſhing characters of the ſpirit of the age. It is ſtated, that the art of writing muſt be much eaſier for the inventors than for their followers. 'What reſources had they not?' it is ſaid. 'What fertile mines have they explored! They have monopoliſed all the great ideas, all the grand images, all the fine ſituations, all the fine characters, &c. It remains for us to glean only in the fields where they have reaped.'

Let us be candid.—Before any route was traced, in theſe immenſe regions, which could we have laid out for ourſelves, are we ſure we would have choſen the ways of nature? It is not enough to be rich, if we know not how to make uſe of our treaſures. Who would have taught us how to diſpoſe of this prodigious quantity of materials? Profuſion is the enemy of taſte: by *taſte*, I mean *the art of chooſing what is proper, and what ought to pleaſe, at all periods.*—What talent, what exquiſite judgment muſt not the inventors have poſſeſſed, to diſentangle the chaos, to throw on it the light of reaſon and of the heart, and to ſeparate all the confuſed elements? The imagination, in all its vigour, had before it ſpace without bounds, a perſpective without horizon: it was requiſite to aſſign its laws. Each was obliged to create the line in which he was obliged to create the line in which he was to be illuſtrious; to form a language, which was the proper inſtrument of his ſentiments and thoughts. It was requiſite to give to each line the ſtyle which ſuits it; and, finally, to fix, by models, the irrevocable rules of taſte; thoſe rules, dictated as much by a delicate ſentiment of propriety, as by the profundity of reflexion.

It remains for us to profit by their labours. Their thoughts, their ſentiments, are in our memory and in our hearts, and in gleaning after them we involuntarily make the bundles

dles they have gathered, and we cauſe many ears of corn to fall from them, which we look upon as our property. Each of us ſeizes on thoſe ancient thoughts, and offers them under another face, in a new light, and imagines they are his own, becauſe he has dreſſed them in his livery. Thus, the more there is written, the more will be written, becauſe the memory, enriched by all that we have read, contributes largely towards the expence of thinking when we are merely recollecting.

To theſe cauſes, which it were eaſy to develope, I will add ſome others, derived from the circumſtances of the times. The nations of Europe are approximated by arts and commerce. Not long ſince, they were content with the ſtudy of ancient languages. The modern languages are now become indiſpenſable for ſome, and faſhionable for the many. The Engliſh, the German works have been read. New reſources have been ſought in foreign literature; and as it is eaſier to tranſlate and imitate, than to create, many men of letters have aſpired to this glory, (ſecondary indeed) but which requires little pains and talent. They have put to contribution the Engliſh and German novelliſts. The firſt tranſlators have choſen good works: their ſucceſs has excited emulation. Tranſlations have filled the ſhops of the booksellers, have inundated the provinces, and are become the object of endleſs ſpeculation.—Soon there was no choice made of models; choice became needleſs, provided a novel came from London, it was ſure to be favourably received.

This importation of foreign talent, which tends to corrupt the national taſte, ought alſo to augment prodigiouſly the number of authors. The more the taſte is corrupted, the eaſier it becomes to write, becauſe the imagination is no longer reſtrained by rules: and again, by the dint of reading novels, one ſtores ones, memory with a croud of romantic ſituations. The names of the inventors are loſt; the ſituations remain: we candidly believe they are the fruit of our imagination. We chooſe alſo to write a novel, and we accompliſh it with the more facility, as this ſpecies of work requires no great effect of genius, when compoſed of the ſhreds and patches of a thouſand others. Hence it is, that ſo many novels bear ſuch a ſtriking reſemblance to each other, that one ſuppoſes to have read them already, while reading them, in fact, for the firſt time.

Every day, the ſource of reminiſcence augments; thence, not only the number of authors is encreaſed with extreme rapidity, but alſo the immenſe prolixity of their works. They become much more voluminous, becauſe they are filled with thoughts, which have coſt the author nothing; and that thoſe who have preceded him have furniſhed the greater part of his ſtock of talent. Thoſe who write are, by no means, thoſe who write beſt. But a time comes when an author would think himſelf loſt in the croud of his rivals unleſs he at leaſt equalled by the bulk of his productions.

New and ſtill more recent cauſes join with thoſe of which I have been treating; they are, in a manner, their conſequences erected themſelves into cauſes. They owe their birth to the events which have changed the political ſyſtem of France.

Audacious ſpirits, taking advantage of the feebleneſs of a government, which counted perhaps too much on the love of the people, have made a culpable abuſe of the talent with which they were gifted by nature. They dared to attack all religions principles, and to ſap the foundations of the ſocial order. Their writings exhibited to the multitude two attractions, which we have never known them to reſiſt—audacity and novelty. There ſprouted up, in every

every direction, a croud of petty authors, who believed themselves great men, when they departed from the received opinions. In thousands of pamphlets, the disgrace of the human mind, they were seen to comment upon the ideas of their masters, to attack legitimate authority, to deny even the existence of a God, to compose a code of morals according to their whim, and to raise their fortune and their reputation on the ruins of the altar, the throne, and the public morals, shaken by their seditious declamations. The moral revolution was soon followed up by the revolution in politics, which overset all ideas, exalted all the passions, and gave birth to an infinite number of works, which are tinged with the general disorganisation, and with the neglect of all kinds of principles. There were seen sprouting up in all parts politicians, legislators, reformers, journalists, &c. All established ideas being once upset, each formed for himself an opinion conformable to his character, to his inclinations, to his interest, to his vanity, and believed he had a right to maintain it. Men, driven from their rank by events, deprived of every resource, and of every hope, have written, some from speculation and from want, others to occupy themselves in the silence of retreat, and to remove from their eyes the horrors which they were forced to witness. Philosophical opinions, at first admired without reflexion by a blind multitude, were soon refuted by disastrous experience. They had then as many enemies as before they found partisans. Writers in great number attacked the works of the philosophers, and fought to eradicate principles, which the powerful eloquence of events already made odious to us. Among these authors, some have been inspired by an ardent and sincere zeal, by the love of truth, and by the horror of the crimes induced by the neglect of morals and religion. Others, whom different motives caused to take the pen, less odious, though no less contemptible than the adversaries they combat, appear, by their awkwardness and their prevarication, to wish to destroy what they undertake to protect; like those ignorant physicians, who, arriving when the patient is almost cured by nature, find the secret of restoring his disorder, and of plunging him into the tomb, from whence he was on the point of escaping.

If now we cast an eye on all the illers with whom France is filled, we shall see, that in an age illumined by all the lights of the foregoing ages, instruction is spread in almost every class of society; that it has produced an infinite number of half-learned reasoners in every line, and on every subject. The public offices would be insufficient to occupy those who have received a kind of education, and who wish to profit by the little they have learned, a treasure they believe of great value, and of which the owners are proud and jealous, just in proportion as reason and justice make little of it. Thus, if we but reflect, we shall no longer be astonished at the great number of book-makers.

Most of these reasonings are not peculiar to France, but regard the greater part of the polished nations of Europe. Talent, reason, and knowledge, certainly, have not augmented, but are more generally diffused. Each has received a little portion of what was hitherto the property of a small number.

On the Different Forms of Salutation. (From the German.)

OF all human customs, none is more ancient, nor more general, than that of reciprocal salutation, according to a certain form peculiar to each country. We find it among

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the people of antiquity, as well as in every modern nation. Whatever is common to all mankind, ought to derive its origin from what is nobleſt in human nature. Salutation was, if we may ſo expreſs ourſelves, the firſt ſmile of humanity in its cradle, and aroſe at the pure ſource of the infancy of ſociety; and it appears to have become ſacred to poſterity the moſt remote. In its origin, ſalutation was a kind of worſhip rendered by man to man; an homage by which he recognited ſomething divine in his fellow; and in another point of view, it was a ſign of mutual hoſpitality among the travellers who peopled the earth.

It was probably with conformity with theſe ideas, that the antients attached a great value to ſalutation; and Egeno, in the Medea of Euripides, after ſaluting her, adds, 'a friend cannot addreſs to his friend a more agreeable phraſe.' The Rabbins, thoſe doctors who have altered, even to caricature, the beautiful and the ſublime of the holy land, preſcribe to ſalute nobody during the night, until one is very ſure that it is a man one meets, and not by chance ſome evil ſpirit; a very prudent precaution, moſt certainly; for the ſalutation would be profaned, were it received by an angel of darkneſs. Have we not alſo ſeen, that formerly one of the moſt terrible puniſhments of the excommunicated, was to be ſaluted by nobody? It is moſt true, that a ſalutation, when it comes from the bottom of the heart, and not, as generally happens, from the extremity of the lips, has ſomething in it ſoft and beneficent. We are principally aware of it, when going out early in the country we meet an honeſt peaſant, who, with a ſtrong and amicable voice, wiſhes us a good day: or, when ranging alone through the fields, in the ſilence of night, a ſalutation announces that you can walk with ſafety beſide him who gives it. The peſtrian peculiarity can appreciate this ſign of peace.

As every nation has its coins, in like manner it has its forms of ſalutation which belong to it. And if ſalutation, in general, is peculiar to mankind, the manner of ſaluting bears with it a national character, founded on the climate, the mode of living, and the moral and phyſical ſtate of each people. Among all nations, it is a kind of current money, each acknowledges it, knows its value, and exchanges a currency for an equivalent. Salutation muſt then be a product of the national character, and muſt be analogous to it.

In the Eaſt, the ſalutation is *peace*, or *repoſe*. (the ſhalom of the Hebrews, ſalam of the Arabs:) *peace be with you*, and the anſwer is, *with you be peace*. This form perfectly expreſſes what is the object of the deſires, and of the enjoyments of the Orientals: it preſents a fundamental trait of their character. The words peace and repoſe include, with the Orientals, every ſpecies of comfort and happineſs. When the ſacred books of the Hebrews depict the ſtate of happineſs of a people, or of a king, they ſay: Jehovah granted him repoſe. If the prophets deſcribe the happy times of a new golden age, we behold tigers and lambs, lions and oxen, new born babes and vipers, living without fear and in peace with one another. 'The virtuous man,' ſays Eliphaz, in Job, 'has made a compact with the ſtones of the fields: the wild beaſts walk tranquilly around him, and peace inhabits his hut.' The greateſt enjoyment of the Oriental, and the image of the higheſt felicity, is to repoſe undiſturbed by any thing, in the ſhade of the palm trees, on the bank of a freſh and limpid ſtream, and to paſs the day doing nothing, and even thinking on nothing; and had we even not learned this from the accounts of travellers, the ſofas,

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couches, ottomans, and all the refinements of luxury which come to us from the East, would sufficiently declare it. Is not the turban a kind of pillow, and the large garments of these people a species of quilt? Truly, the Orientals have many good reasons to cherish repose. Under a burning sky all violent motion is painful: and when their dormant passions are awaked, they are a torrent, which tears away and ravages all around it: therefore, peace and repose, are the sweetest words to the ear of these people, and with these words it is that they salute and wish each other happiness.

The salutation of the Greeks was almost the contrary of that of the Orientals: and we ought to expect it, when we reflect on the character of this active people, so entirely opposite to that of these effeminate nations. The pyramids of the East, which on their eternal bases seem to touch the Heavens; the temples, awful from their bulk, and from the mystery which surrounds them; the catacombs, hollowed in the rock; the sphinxes in repose; the cherubims; all appear to indicate a peculiar sentiment for what is elevated and boundless, and announce men resigned to retirement and contemplation. We might choose, for the emblems of the character of the Orientals, a cube fixed and stable; and for that of the Greeks, a sphere always ready to move. The Greek was ever active, occupied, and feared nothing but repose: and thence his salute was, 'act successfully.' (*euprattein*) And as he delighted in pleasure and joy, he wished them to his friends, by saying, '*freu*, rejoice!' And in accosting one, he would ask; what are you doing, what are you busied in? The Roman, on the contrary, shews in his salute, that he sets no such great value on pleasure, but is more interested about strength; *Quomodo vales*, signifies, literally, how is your strength? *Vale & salve*: be strong and healthy. *Ave*, would signify, if we would be regulated by analogy and etymology, *have*, or possess much. These forms paint well the character of the Roman, who distinguished himself more by force, energy, and power, than by activity, talents, and serenity of disposition. Thus the word *virtus*, virtue, was originally applied, among the Romans, to courage; their distinctive character of man, *vir*; while the Greeks called virtue, harmony, or that beauty, produced by the accord of several parts, moral or physical.

Quitting antiquity, we come to the modern nations, and we find them giving rise to similar reflexions. We will begin, as is natural, by ourselves, and like good Germans, laugh at our own expence. The singular question, how do you find yourself? *Wie befinden sie sich?* announces a certain reflexion and circumspection. One would think, that after deliberately reflecting on our state, physical and moral, and having in a manner felt ourselves, we beg of whoever we interrogate, to communicate his observations on himself, and therein it is easy to recognise the solidity of character and the judgment of our nation. Our country gives birth to a crowd of persons, well able to calculate, and to discuss the good and evil, the utility and mischief, of any object. For this reason, we have derived the word which signifies virtue (*tugend*), from that which denotes value and utility (*taugen*); and thence also we have, in latter times, protested so strongly against Epicurism.

Our compliment of adieu, *leben sie wohl*, literally, live well, is a manner of speaking, where the genius is put for the species, the abstract for the concrete. One wishes to live well in general, without particularly requiring, either a good state of health,

health, or any other ſpecific happineſs: and in this, as in many other things, reaſon and good ſenſe appear with us, to dominate over the imagination. We may ſay as much of this ſingular phraſe, '*I wiſh you may have ſlept well, dined well.*' Does it not include a kind of retroſpection, a return upon the paſt, where, however, we can change nothing? Or may we not perceive the deſire we have, to be content with ourſelves, and with the preſent, which is but a conſequence of the paſt, after having made grave reflexions on our ſleep, or on our digeſtion? In like manner, it appears that we think more of the future than the preſent, in wiſhing to him who riſes from table, a happy repaſt, a benign repoſt, *eine geſegnete mahlzeit*: we wiſh the repaſt to proſper, and to diffuſe on you the benediction of Heaven: an effect, which can only be apparent, when the transformation of aliments is completed. It would be much more ſuitable, to wiſh a good appetite at the commencement of a repaſt. One could at leaſt profit by it without delay, particularly when a well laid table gives one the means: but we Germans do not even poſſeſs the word, and to replace it, we have compoſed that of *eſſ luſt* (pleaſure of eating), which is by far more moderate and more calm. It is, beſides, more conformable to our patient character. In general, our appetites are not expreſſed in a very imperious or lively manner: we are naturally ſober, and it is from foreigners, richer than we are in this article, that we have borrowed the greater part of our culinary utenſils, the ſkilful manœuvres executed with them, and even almoſt all the technical terms of this art. Our anceſtors, very reſpectable people otherwiſe, were indolent enough. Thus it was, that allowed them to eſtabliſh a law, which forbade men to marry before thirty: the errors of youth were more rare among them, than among other nations, and they were more ſeverely puniſhed for them, as we learn from Tacitus, &c*.

This formula, *your moſt humble ſervant*, with all its modifications, common to almoſt all modern civilized nations, is derived certainly from the time when the world was divided into freemen and ſlaves, and muſt conſequently be of ſome antiquity.

Already Abraham (who, notwithſtanding, was a great lord), called himſelf *ſervant*, through politeneſs. This word reſembles much that of *livre*, in the antient French accounts; it properly indicates a pound weight of ſilver, but is far, indeed, from having that weight.†

After ſpeaking ſo long of Germany, it is but juſt to ſay a word of our neighbours. Do we not diſcover the French character, in the forms of their ſalutations, and in their manner of addreſs and reception. *Comment vous portez vous? Vous portez vous bien?* Do we not ſee, that this is appropriate to a people who ſet a great value on agility, and on the manner in which the body is fixed on its legs, and diſpoſed for motion? Activity and agility may be counted among the great qualities of the French; and this nation, which *carries itſelf well*, has gained many a victory over the Germans, who *find themſelves well*. The ſalutations of the French have, moreover, this peculiarity, that they expreſs ordinary, and even feeble ſentiments, in a very lively manner: *Je ſuis charmé, ravi, enchanté de vous voir en bonne ſanté*. Would not one think all this addreſſed to an intimate friend, that we had not ſeen for twenty years? By no means: it is to ſomebody that one cares for in a very ordinary way,

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* This deſcription, by a native German, does not incline us to regret, that we were not fated to be born in his country.—*E.*

† The preſent value of the *livre* is ten pence.

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and that one could well dispense with seeing at all; but this is a ceremony of habit, and one of those hyperboles so familiar to the French language, and to the spirit of the nation.

In Germany, we are far less lively and more respectful. We have always *the honour to be &c.*. Pleasure is, with us, a coin of base alloy, and we only offer it to our inferiors.

The salute of the English is distinguished by its energy: *how do you do?* Here we discover a redoubled activity. This word *do* plays a great part in the English language, and is a lever which puts all the other verbs in motion. We should not wrong these modern Phenicians, if we understood their last *do* in the sense which they give it in commerce, nor if we received the little phrase, *how do you do* in the meaning of *how go your affairs?* This salutation would suit very well a commercial nation, to which nothing is more interesting than its commerce; and which places, in the rank of affairs, those only which have relation to it. If this philosophy does not merit a profound respect, at least it attracts very profound attentions.

From England, we pass to Holland.—To hear the Dutch, that laborious and phlegmatic people, salute one another, one would think they were journeying on their canals, or going a voyage to the Indies. *Hoe vaart myn heer*, literally, *how travels my lord?* Does not this present to us a good, big Dutchman, well fed, and well clad, travelling at his ease on one of his superb canals, or going out to Batavia, and who hails a passing friend, to enquire if he also travels conveniently? The Englishman has also something of this salute in his *farewel*: a good voyage, a happy passage, is a wish quite natural to islanders.

We might form a species of statistic estimate, according to the salutation; by its rudeness or suavity, we might recognise the character of the inhabitants; the fertility of the country, and, perhaps, even its produce. &c.*

How much might we not add about salutation, were it not inconsistent with our limits to proceed at present? If, after all we have said, our readers are curious to know, which of these salutations we would prefer for our own use, we would assign those of the Orientalists and Greeks. What can be more desirable than peace and pleasure?—and with these wishes we salute all the readers of the *Hibernian Magazine*.

Handsome Girls are Born Married.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following extracts from an extraordinary sermon preached and published in Dublin by dr. Brett, and dedicated to the right hon. lady Caroline Russell, asserting the prerogative of beauty, and vindicating the privileges of the fair sex, I presume will meet the approbation of the generality of your female readers:—

'Madam, there is an Italian proverb which says, that *handsome girls are born married.* The meaning whereof is not what has been supposed, *that marriages are made in heaven*; but, that such is the power of beauty over the human heart, that when they will they may. This being so, the intimation to your ladyship is, to look out and provide for a change of condition. To remain single will not be long in your power, for beauty that strikes every eye, will necessarily charm many hearts; nature ordained its universal sway, and the corruptions of nature, multiplied as they have been through a series of

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* If we understand rightly our author whom we will follow no further, the salutation ought to differ widely, in a country of water drinkers, from what it is in a beer or cider country, or a cheap and generous wine country.

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five thousand years, have even yet been able to give it but one rival. In the human heart (I speak it to their shame) temples have been erected to the god of wealth; many fair victims have we seen bleeding at his altars; and, what is worse, the very hand now writing to your ladyship has sometimes been the sacrificer. What therefore you have to learn is only to choose with discretion; to maintain with dignity the proffered sovereignty which contending suppliants will intreat you to accept.

'All the great heroes, the most renowned in their generation, the scripture worthies in particular, have had their Dalilah, to whose bewitching charms they one and all yielded, reluctantly some, and fondly others; these proving their wisdom, and those their folly; since there is no enchantment against beauty, nor any thing it cannot enchant, he must be something more or something worse than a man—that is, a god or a devil, who hath escaped, or who can resist its power. The gods of the heathens could not, Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, and Apollo; their amours are as famous as their names; so that hardiness in human nature, wherever it is found, which can resist, argues plainly how much of the devil is wrought up in the composition; if the native power were not so great as it is, so many arts, so many opportunities to invade, and to persuade, would make it impossible.

'This prating old man! will he never have done? Not yet; for to you, madam, and of you, I could prate for ever; garrulity is the vice of old age; the highest honorary tribute that youth pays to it is patient attention; we grow fond of prating when we are good for nothing else; besides madam, it is, though I am sorry to remind you of it, a vice common to both sexes; old women can prate as well as old men; and the same allowance on your part, if ever you come to it, will be demanded and, alas! young, gay, and blooming as you are, to this you will come at last; lovely as that form is, it will wrinkle and wither, that vermillion will be turned into paleness, those brilliant eyes grow dim and faint. In the gazing crowd that now surrounds you, notwithstanding the blaze you make, the lustre with which you enamel and gild the spot you stand upon; though you re animate, give life, sensation, appetite, a kind of rejuvenescence, a desire, at least, a wish to live and be young again, to every thing you touch or look upon, the meanest of your admirers, even I, wizened and worn out by labour, age, nay worse, by disappointments, in the course of a few suns and moons, will be as much respected, heeded, and listened to. Pity indeed it is! but it must be so: what are you to do? why, briefly this; look as well into yourself as at yourself, and thence learn how to preserve and improve the authority which beauty gives to make it indefectible, and, as I maintain it may, interminable.'

From the sermon itself:—'The humour of ridiculing this rite (marriage) was introduced, and became fashionable under the example of a dissolute prince; which encouraged such licentiousness in the stage as soon corrupted the general taste to a degree that hardly any thing entertained, or was received there with applause, that was not salted with some obscene raillery. In consequence of which not only the thing, but even the persons who made it their choice, were laughed at; they were objects of pity, the butts for sneer, whom necessity had forced into it. A humour so inconsistent with common sense and every social dear regard, could not hold long; the pulpit, which in that degeneracy of men and manners, was not silent, got in this instance the better of the stage and, at last, reformed it. To the

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honour of the preſent age, the few patrons it has are as deſpicable as they are diſſolute; but it may be obſerved, that the pains taken to correct it had poſſibly met with quicker ſucceſs, had not the fair ſex, by an improper and wanton behaviour, contributed to keep it up; without encouragement from them it never could have run to the extravagance it did; for how little ſoever ſome of them may ſuſpect or believe it, they are the only true guardians of men's virtue, and have more power to reform than either prieſt or magiſtrate can pretend to. If therefore the manners of the age ſhould ever take the ſame diſagreeable turn, though they may be the principal ſufferers, they muſt bear the blame of it, and the infamy too; for this reaſon, that it was always in their power to ſupport the honour and dignity due to the marriage ſtate, from the influence which few of them want to be told they have over the affections and inclinations of mankind. I will offer no apology therefore for telling them, that if their diſcretion was equal to their charms, if they were at equal pains to embelliſh their minds as they are to adorn their bodies, they might go near to reverſe the cuſtoms of the world and the maxims of nature; might ſway the ſceptres of kingdoms and be the lawgivers and governors both of ſtates and families, without either wearing of arms or changing apparel. If modeſty, good ſenſe, and the general practice of virtue, met with proper diſtinction in female regard, men would certainly take more pains than they uſually do to cultivate thoſe graces; for where we court we wiſh to be approved, and naturally purſue ſuch courſes as we judge will beſt recommend us; but whilſt women are ſo inſenſible and blind to their own intereſt and happineſs as to encourage thoſe moſt who uſe this holy inſtitute to baſe and diſhonourable purpoſes; whilſt they prefer empty and proſligate rakes to virtuous and honourable lovers, they may thank themſelves for a great ſhare of that miſery to which they are tied, and we ſhall in vain hope to ſee the evil in this caſe ever corrected.'

Letter From A Noble Lord to A Young Lady.

MR. EDITOR.

ON looking over a work lately publiſhed, entitled *Selections from the Gentleman's Magazine*, I met with the following letter from a noble lord to a young lady on the eve of marriage, and as I flatter myſelf it will not prove unintereſting to many of your fair readers, I have tranſcribed it for the uſe of your elegant miſcellany. COSMO.

'MY DEAR MISS ——,

'IT is not in my power to add any thing to the good ſenſe and ſolidity of the reflexions contained in your letter to my wife. The rational plan you have there laid out for your future conduct, will not fail to ſecure to you the eſteem, love, and reſpect of a man, too well acquainted with the world, to under-value ſo much prudence and diſcretion in a young wife. I believe, however, that moſt of your ſex, on the eve of matrimonial engagements, mean and intend to act well; but few have the advantage of your underſtanding, many are too ſoon raiſed by miſconception, levity, or the world of bad counſellors, thoſe of your own ſex. To reſolve well is nothing: the difficulty is to perſevere: or, as Lee the poet, much better expreſſes it, to be *obſtinately* good. The word *obſtinately* contains alone more meaning, energy, and pith, than half the volumes which have been written on the ſubject. I repeat it, little can be added to what your own foreſight has already ſuggeſted to you; but, as the engagement you are contracting is of

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the utmoſt importance to your future welfare, I will, ſince you do me the honour to aſk my advice, ſubjoin a few remarks, the fruit of long experience and ſome obſervation.

'Let reſpectability be your aim and object; be reſpectable in your connexions, in your acquaintance, in the management of your family; but, above all, in the choice of your intimates. The world, in general, will be guided in their opinion of your character by the characters of thoſe you ſelect as objects of your friendſhip and confidence; your huſband, moreover, will reſpect and conſider you in proportion as he perceives you conſidered and reſpected by others. Airs, haughtineſs, and pride, are not unfrequently miſtaken for dignity; as roughneſs, ill manners, and brutality, in our ſex, often claim as frankneſs, courage, and manlineſs—you will not miſtake them—you have a friend in the world, and a very ſincere one, who poſſeſſes this happy gift of aſſimilating this reſpectability with the beſt nature and the moſt winning affability: I need not name her.

'What I have been ſaying ſeems to me very important, and deſerves your ſerious conſideration; but what relates immediately to your huſband is ſtill more ſo.

'Let me entreat you to conſider the firſt year after your marriage as a year of probation, a time of trial, of noviceſhip; every action, every ſtep, nay, every word, will have its due weight in the ſcale of your huſband's future truſt and confidence in you. Conſider, in this interval he will nearly have ſettled his opinion of your prudence, your diſcretion, and your worth. I would by no means be underſtood to recommend cunning; cunning ſtands in the ſame relation to prudence as hypocriſy to religion. Cunning, like hypocriſy, implies a ſordid meanneſs of ſoul; and I both hope and believe that you have an elevation of mind which would ſpurn at duplicity, at every kind of trick.

'From theſe great outlines in the picture of a valuable wife, let me now proceed to the nicer touches of it, to the lights and ſhades, to thoſe minute ſtrokes of the pencil without which the picture remains unfiniſhed, but which require all the patience, all the attention, all the perſeverance of the artiſt. You are the artiſt; you are to draw this ſublime picture—but you muſt do more—you muſt be a heroine and a philoſopher. Aſſure yourſelf that your huſband, being a man, has his foibles, his caprices, his humours—are you poſſeſſed of magnanimity ſufficient to bear thoſe without repining, without peeviſhneſs, without retaliation?—have you philoſophy enough to *ſcratch your ribbon*,* and in the good-humouredly, when your mighty lord ſtruts in all his dignity across the room, and gobbles his importance like an angry turkey-cock?—have you temper enough to compel him, on his cooler recollection, to call himſelf a fool, and you the beſt of women?—have you conſidered the importance of avoiding ſilly diſputes about ſilly trifles?—it is well worth your conſideration. I myſelf knew a man and wife, the two fondeſt and beſt-natured of creatures, who, after a long and wiſe inveſtigation, whether we have ten fingers, or only eight fingers and two thumbs, complained bitterly of each other's monſtrous ill uſage, and concluded by propoſing a ſeparation, the wife from the worſt of huſbands, the huſband from the worſt of wives. Luckily their heads were ſound, as their hearts were good; both were ſtruck with the dangerous tendency of ſuch fool-

NOTE.

* Lady ——, the writer's wife, when ſhe ſaw her huſband angry, was uſed to ſcratch her hat with both hands, or the ribbon of her cap, crying out:—'My lord, I don't hear, I don't hear!'

iſh

ish altercations, and resolved in future to avoid them. Are you capable of checking a rising flush?—of swallowing a provoking word ready to burst from your lips?—If you be equal to such fortitude, to such heroism, you are in my estimation a great philosopher; in that of your husband you will be an angel.

'More fortitude still may possibly require your exertions, if ever it should so happen (and this may happen to the most virtuous woman) that you find your mind too much employed in favour of another man; yourself too much disposed to dwell on his good qualities, on the gentleness, the amiableness of his manners, on his *disinterested* attentions to you; if you feel such a man insensibly creeping into your affections—no hesitation, fly, if possible, from him, as far as from pole to pole; no confidante, more particularly no female one; bury your secret in the remotest recesses of your soul, and let your virtue and honour alone watch over it; conceal your weakness, not only from the object of it, but from the whole world; nay, endeavour to conceal it from yourself; indulge not yourself, under pretence of fortifying your virtue, in gloomy thoughts about your supposed misery; that will not fail to increase the evil. On the contrary, amuse, dissipate yourself, laugh at your own folly, treat it cavalierly, and the illusion will soon cease; one serious resolve, however, must be firmly made, resolutely kept, and which no consideration must forego,—the determined resolution of never trusting yourself alone with the man of whom you feel yourself afraid.

'I perceive that this letter is spun out to a considerable length; the warmth of my wishes for your happiness would dictate a great deal more, but it is time to conclude it. One thing, however, I must mention, it is of a delicate nature from a man to a woman, but my age and my motives will be a sufficient apology for the liberty I take. This important advice shall be conveyed in as few words as possible. Be nicely but scrupulously clean; deficiency in this respect will unavoidably create disgust in a well bred man. I fear in our country especially, this is not always sufficiently attended to; and a fatal experience has often opened a woman's eye when the evil was irreparable.

'Thus my dear miss ——, I have hastily thrown on paper such thoughts as have occurred to me; they have no pretension to novelty, elegance, or even order: they are written solely with a view of being of some little advantage to you. May you deserve, by your prudent conduct, to be happy: that is my ardent wish! I have the honour to be, with great respect, Dear Madam, &c.'

The Young Rosiniere; or, Sketches of the World. By Mrs. Peck, Author of the 'Maid of Avon,' &c. Colburn, Conduit street.

IT is rather difficult to decide on the merits of this performance. The style is wild and irregular, yet the language is not inelegant, nor the moral defective. The story contains sufficient interest to render it acceptable to the general taste of novel readers; and it would be unjust to the fair author, were we not to allow that it is at least equal to most of those admired productions.

The following extract will furnish a specimen of the style of the tale:—

'Beckenhorst's spirits reduced by indisposition to their lowest ebb, were no longer equal to resist that hysterical affection, which rising in his throat, oppressed him almost to suffocation: 'poor Adam,' said he, after a long pause, 'these tears flow not, because thou art at rest, and sleeping in the bosom of thy Creator; but in

commemoration

commemoration of thy fainted innocence, gentleneſs and worth; again catching the ſympathiſing glances of our heroine, his emotions becoming ſtill more intenſe, another nervous drop embalmed the memory of a creature, who, once the ſport of an adverſe fortune, had waſted the ſweetneſs of a guileleſs heart in tears. Alas!' reſumed the invalid, in a voice ſcarce articulate,' precept ſhould always be enforced by example—yet, unequal as I am—as I have ever been; how doth this ſwell of paſſion violate that forbearance, I would recommend to thee, my child!—Laura—how vain—how arrogant is that creature called man, ever preſuming on a ſtrength that belongs not to the limitation of his nature! Come, ſit you down by me: I feel I have been harſh:—petulance is the common attendant on a diſordered frame—think it was Beckenhorſt's infirmity—not his heart that ſpoke, and cheer me as thou wert wont to do in the early day of thy childhood, when turning the miſanthrope from his gloom, the ſweet accents of infantine purity firſt bade my diſponding ſoul take comfort; angelic girl, I owe thee much, I owe thee even my confidence: paſſions, paralyſed by faithleſs love, dead to all ſenſation, languiſhed here (pointing to his breaſt) till the plaints of my fellow, a ſufferer in the ſame cauſe, broke the lethargic ſtupor of deſpair: it was Adam's voice that called me from the ſlumber of a living death: it was your's my child, that qualified the tempeſtuous feelings of a wounded heart. Woman's ſoftneſs is a ſpecific, deſtined by Almighty wiſdom to ſubdue the intemperate nature of man—an emollient whoſe kindly influence, acknowledged even by the turbulent paſſions of the unfettered ſavage, extends from the rudeſt object in creation, up to the moſt cultivated!'—Pauſing, an hectic tinge meandering over the pale viſage of the ſpeaker—his eyes ſhot forth a liquid beam.

'The feveriſh flush now glowing on the ſoldier's cheek, rivetted the anxious gaze of our heroine, and a riſing ſigh burſt from her ſtruggling heart: ſhe ſtarted inſtinctively, hung her head and wept.

'What alarms my beſt girl——

'The crimſon ſuffuſion, ſir, the purple ſpot.' Her tears blinded her, ſhe could not proceed.

'The invalid ſhook his head; 'I am in feed, heated,' ſaid he, 'warmed by recollection; oppreſſive recollections, Laura.'

'Baniſh them,' interpoſed the animated girl, quickly:—'Oh, my father, in compaſſion to me, forget—forget.'

'Excellent creature,' rejoined Beckenhorſt, 'the heart is ſometimes obſtinate, retroſpect will break in; the remembrance of that woman, on whom my ſoul once fondly doated—that woman, Laura, whoſe name you bear——'

'Good heavens!' and our heroine again interrupted her benefactor:—'me bear her name,' bluſhing deeply, and ſhuddering, ſhe recoiled! 'O God! O God!' expreſſed in diſjointed ſentences, 'muſt I be recognited by that title which undid my friend.'

'I gave it you as a paſſport to my affection,' ſaid Beckenhorſt.

'Dear, dear father——'

'You marvel at my words; but ſuch things are, my child. We are not in our beſt natures ſtrong; I loved this woman, and ſhe was my wife; ſhe broke my heart, 'tis true, and I renounced her. However,' his voice faultering, 'as mercy is the virtue of the law, let it in this inſtance qualify an huſband's judgment. The duties of my profeſſion calling me hence, laid open to temptation, and conſequently aſſailed: 'twas thus ſhe fell: 'tis a grievous ſtory, Laura, painful to relate.'

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

THO' Fanny poſſeſſes a form,
Which the Loves have ſurpriſingly dreſt;
And a face that might eaſily warm
All the blood of an *Anchoret's* breaſt.

Yet a temper ſo really bad,
No ſhape of perfection can hide,
And the baggage would make a man mad
With th' exceſs of folly and pride.

On the ſtrength of her beauty and years,
To judgment ſhe lays a pretence,
Tho' her mind is a blank, that appears
Un improved by a dawning of ſenſe.

Yet no youth can reſiſt a *degree*,
Of agreeable pain and ſurprize,
But let him once know her *like me*,
And I warrant he'll quickly deſpiſe.

BEVIL.

In your Magazine for Auguſt, an epitaph by mr. Cobbet, on Thomas Paine, arreſted my attention, and induced me to ſend you another; as the celebrity of Paine's character will I truſt form a ſufficient excuſe for two epitaphs: the inſertion of the following will much oblige

a Conſtant Reader.

When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe; [your foes.
Whoſe ſons will bluſh their fathers were
Pope.

BENEATH this earth (his perſecutions done;)
Reſts freedom's heroe! and her darling ſon!
(While Cobbet's works, and name at once will die)
His name will flouriſh through poſterity;
Whoſe happy genius, in a venal age,
Shew'd man his rights, upon his glowing page;
Trac'd various nature through her boundleſs ſprings, [of kings!
The ſcourge of prelates! and the plague
To tyrants dreadful; to mankind a friend;
His aim was freedom, and true peace his end.
While man exiſts an agent of free will
His words will live; be more admir'd ſtill:
As they are read, the reader's heart will glow,
And future men their dignity will know,
Eſteem it juſtly, thank their gen'rous friend, [deſcend:
Who taught them rights that to their ſons
Rights! happy! juſt! and free from tyrants frowns, [gowns.
From ſlavish great men, and from men in

What though no ſolemn dirge o'er his remains,
By prieſt be utter'd to allay his pains:
That Powerful Being, that firſt plac'd him here, [where!
Beſt knows the ſtate to place him in elſe-

Ardee, Sept. 23, 1809.

We have ventured to omit the laſt couplet, not only becauſe it is groſsly defective in metre, (for inſtance, the ſecond ſyllable in *lucrative* is pronounced long to preſerve the meaſure, and is of courſe a vulgarism;) but alſo becauſe it has nothing to do with lines which poſſeſs ſome merit—particularly the two laſt.

We feel great pleaſure in inſerting the following ſpecimen of a tranſlation from the pen of a mere youth. His tranſlation from Boileau is not much inferior to his admirable original. His Latinity—but we ſhall not damp his ſpirit. It will be better the next time.

DEAR SIR,

If the following verſion of Goldſmith's Stanzas on Woman, and tranſlation of a Song from Boileau appear to you to poſſeſs merit, you will oblige me by inſerting them in your Magazine.

Your's, &c.

T. C. D.

P. S.—Allow me to mention that the tranſlation from Boileau was written in my 16th year, the verſion in my 18th.

Verſion of Goldſmith's Stanzas on Woman.

STANZAS.

WHEN lovely woman ſtoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray;
What charm can ſooth her melancholy?
What art can waſh her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her ſhame from every eye;
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his boſom is—to die.

VERSION.

Si calcare viam Virtutis fæmina ceſſet,
Ah ſero! et falſos ſentiat eſſe viros:
Gaudia quæ poterunt altos mulcere dolores?
Ars delere ſcelus quæ ingeniosa ſuum?

Mors tergere nefas, heu Mors dare ſola valebit [hymis;
Pacem animi lætam, Mors requiem a lat
Ingemet, horrendo viſu exanimisque recede-
Dum tumulum ſpectat perfidioſus Amans

Tranſlation from Boiteau.

Vers mettre en chant.

VOICI les lieux charmants, où mon ame ravie
Paſſoit a contempler Sylvie,
Ces tranquilles moments ſi doucement perdus. [belle,
Que je l' aimois alors, que je la trouvois
Mon cœur vous ſoupirez au nom de l' Infidele
Avez vous oublié que vous ne l' aimez plus.

C'eſt ici que ſouvent errant dans les pfairies,
Ma main des fleurs les plus cheries
Lui faiſoit des preſens, ſi tendrement recûs.
Que je l'aimois, &c. &c. &c.

TRANSLATED

Hail charming plains, where once my ſoul
On Sylvia dwelt with raptured care,
Where tranquil moments ſweetly ſtole,
I loved, and thought my Sylvia fair:
Ah why, my heart, this burſting ſigh
That whiſpers ſhe has faithleſs proved!
Shall e'er the juſt remembrance die
That Sylvia is no more beloved.

Here oft when ſtraying o'er the mead,
For her I culled each flowret rare;
How ſweetly were my gifts repaid!
I loved, and thought my Sylvia fair:
Ah why &c. &c. &c.

Mountain, or the Witty Divine.

SOME ten, or twenty years ago,
Where a grand building ſtole,
Young Mountain was to college ſent;
For ſo my ſtory goes.

The rev'rend tutor was a man,
Well qualified to teach,
His ſtudents were before him wont
Alternately to preach.

Yet he was not from failings free,
Altho' a man of worth,
He oft was ſeen to fall aſleep,
While they were holding forth.

And now is come to Mountain's turn
To preach before his grace;
And the grave tutor took his ſeat,
Juſt right before his face.

Now Mountain was a clever youth,
But willing to expoſe
And if he could, reform his grace,
So for his text he choſe.

'Could ye not watch with me one hour?'
And now (for your own ſake,)
Though Mountain, you will ſurely try,
For once to keep awake.

But all that Mountain could advance,
Did not break his repoſe;
Scarce fifteen minutes had elapſed,
Ere he began to doze.

Yet while at intervals his grace
Gaz'd round in wild ſurpriſe,
He had this paſſage juſt at hand,
Whene'er he op'd his eyes.

The tutor quite indignant felt
At being thus expos'd;
And ſecret vow'd he ſhould repent,
As ſoon as he had clos'd.

(For ah, he did not like to have
His inclination croſt,)
But ſinking into ſleep again,
All recollection loſt.

And now 'twou'd all have been forgot,
And paſs'd off very well,
But for his fellow-ſtudents who
Had all reſolved to tell.

And for ſuch conduct baſe and mean,
Each of them did declare,
That Mountain ought to be expell'd,
No more enter there.

Poor Mountain only begg'd that ere
From college he was ſent;
'A farewell ſermon he might preach;'
The tutor gave conſent.

'Sleep ye on now, and take your reſt:'
Were words which Mountain choſe;
Seeing he was to be diſmiſs'd,
For breaking his repoſe.

But lo! his pupil's laſt diſcourſe,
Could not keep him awake,
Nor could our Saviour's ſtriking words
Him from his ſlumbers ſhake.

Next morning Mountain took his leave,
And homewards bent his way;
He little thought what was in ſtore,
Againſt ſome future day.

The king had heard of the affair,
And ſtraight for Mountain ſent,
On giving him a Biſhop's See
His majeſty was bent.

He wonder'd much what it could mean,
Yet up to court he came;
'Well, Mountain,' (ſaid the worthy king,)
'I've heard much of thy fame.

'And as a biſhop is deceas'd,
'I ſtraightway ſent for thee,
'But fear alas! thou art not fit,
'To fill that vacant ſee.'

Then Mountain did the king addreſs,
'Oh ſov'reign, haſt thou faith?'
'I hope ſo;' was the king's reply:
'The king hopes he has faith.'

'Be

'But hast thou faith?' 'Yes I believe
I have:' the king replied;
This did not answer Mountain's end,
'The king believes,' and sigh'd.

Yet once again did Mountain ask,
'Say oh king, hast thou faith?'
He paus'd: but straight he made reply;
'Yes, Mountain, I have faith.'

'Well then, (said Mountain,) if indeed,
'Thou dost possess true faith,
'Tho' as a grain of mustard seed,
'Hear what the scripture saith.

'This Mountain, (pointing to himself,)
'At thy request made known,
'Shall be remov'd to yonder see,'
No sooner said than done.

(Here by the bye, I would observe,
How wrong it is to make,
A jest-book of God's holy word;
From whence bon-mots to take.)

This witty speech much pleas'd the king;
'And so it shall,' he said;
He strait commanded, and they plac'd
The mitre on his head.

'Now let us sing, long live the king!
'And Mountain, long live he!
'And when he next appears at court;
'May I be there to see.'

LONDON, *Sept.* 18.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

FIRST NIGHT.

THE new theatre opened last night (18th). It is certainly very elegant. The fronts of the boxes are painted of a dove-colour ground, with different gold Etruscan borders, of the breadth of the whole pannel, running round each tier. The different tiers are supported by gold pillars, from the top of each of which runs a gilt iron bracket suspending a superb glass and gold chandelier for wax candles. The backs of the boxes are pink, and the doors solid mahogany. The prevailing colour of the theatre is, therefore, pink, excepting in the tier of private boxes, where the slanting sides of each box, which hinder the back of it from being seen, are of the dove-colour. The backs of the boxes are the only part of the theatre that look unfinished. The pink is not at all relieved; and the newness of the mahogany doors, round which there is no border of any kind, makes them look little better than oak.—The two shilling gallery is even with the fourth circle of boxes; and the fifth circle, in which is placed the one shilling gallery, is removed considerably backward. The different arches, which support the roof of the theatre, here divide the circle into boxes, and the gallery into compartments. The ceiling of the theatre is painted to imitate a dome. The proscenium of the stage is a large arch, from the top of which hang red curtains, festooned in the Grecian style, and ornamented with a black Grecian border and gold fringe; on each of these festoons is painted a gold wreath, in the centre one of which is written in gold letters, the motto of the stage, '*Veluti in Speculum.*' The proscenium is supported by two pillars, painted to imitate yellow stained marble, of which colour are the sides of the pit; the stage doors are white and gold. The drop is peculiarly grand. It represents a temple dedicated to Shakspeare, in the back of which is seen his statue from Westminster Abbey supported by tragedy and comedy; and between pillars on each side are statues of Æschylus, Plautus, Lope de Vega, Ben Jonson, Moliere, &c. &c. The entrance to this splendid theatre is even grander than the theatre itself. The noble stone portico, on the outside is well known. As you enter this, to proceed to the boxes, you turn to the left; and at the top of a short flight of steps, which is surmounted on each side by a pedestal, on which is placed a bronze Grecian lamp, are seated the money takers. After passing them, there is another noble flight of steps, along each side of which, on a level with the top step, runs a row of four round Ionic pillars, and two half-square ones, all exactly imitated from porphyry. Between each of these, hangs a bronze Grecian lamp. Fronting you, as you ascend these steps, is a cast statue of Shakespeare, placed under an arch in the anti-room. This statue is quite a new design. The face is more like the Felton likeness than the Chandos; and the figure is standing in a graceful attitude, folding his drapery round him.—The anti-room is supported by pillars in equally exact imitation of porphyry. In the size of the principal lobby, we were much disappointed: it is a long narrow room, ornamented indeed with eight beautiful cast statues from the antique; but it is small and the parts devoted to the service of refreshments are peculiarly confined. The lobby up-stairs is full smaller, and the staircases are very narrow. Upon the whole, however, the theatre is well contrived and tastefully executed, and both in its inside and outside, worthy of the metropolis in which it is placed.

The theatre was crowded the instant the doors were open, and though on the steps of the portico the mob were hissing and exclaiming against the advance of prices, yet when they got into the theatre, they were at

at first silenced by the beauty of the spectacle they beheld. After waiting pretty quiet for some time, the band struck up 'God save the king,' and then the call for the song was so general, that no performer in the orchestra could be heard but the double drum player. The singers then made their appearance, and could as little be heard as the instrumental performers. However, during all this uproar, applause was predominant.—Presently mr. Kemble appeared to speak the opening address, habited in the costume of the part he was about to play, Macbeth. The uproar was now greater than ever; mr. Kemble waited in hopes of silence for some time: 'he addressed himself like as if he would speak,' but not a word could we hear of the address.—God save the king was then very seasonably, and almost unanimously called for, when it was sung by the whole vocal strength of the theatre, a great part of the audience joining in the chorus—and here it afforded us peculiar satisfaction to observe, that notwithstanding the contrary interest and contending passions, under the influence of which, the audience entered the house, yet that as soon as this loyal anthem struck up, all was attention, decorum, and acquiescence. Such is the testimony of attachment, and respect which a British public is ever forward to manifest to a beloved sovereign. No sooner, however, was it closed, and an attempt made to commence the performance, than the uproar was renewed in every quarter of the house. The disapprobation was more marked and outrageous whenever any of the Kemble family came forward. The cry then generally was—*no* Kemble, *no theatrical tyrants—no domineering* Napoleons!—*What will you fight—will you faint—will you die, for a shilling?—No imposition—no extortion—English charity.—Charity begins at home.—No foreigners—no* Catalanis!—These, with little variation, were the chief exclamations in which the malcontents vented their resentment during the course of the night. Each *entre* of the performers was marked by vehement hisses, and every exertion which, on other occasions, would have extorted applause, only caused a confused tumult.—Mrs. Siddons, on her first entrance, appeared much affected by the bursts of disapprobation with which she was received, and seemed for some moments to supplicate the forbearance of the audience; but this produced no effect, and she was at length obliged to go through the part of lady Macbeth unheard, in common with the other performers.—The tumult was renewed every time the curtain drew up; but it a little subsided towards the close, and in the boxes several gentlemen waved their hats and handkerchiefs, and gave other indications of encouragement and applause.

After the play mr. Brunton came forward to announce the next performance (as we imagined) but was not heard.

The entertainment of '*The Quaker*' followed, which past off in a similar manner, and the audience having succeeded in preventing either play or after-piece being heard, seemed to regard that circumstance as a triumph, which they forthwith proceeded to celebrate by loud huzzas from all parts of the house.

After thus amusing themselves for some time, their attention was attracted by a gentleman in the front of the lower tier of boxes, who, elevating himself on the front of a box, seemed to wish to address them. All parties appeared to wish to hear him, but could not, through the loud cries of 'silence,' which resounded throughout the theatre. Those in the upper boxes called to him to get on the stage, as far as the orchestra, where some impediment occasioned a full stop. In the mean time the lamps, which had been let down, were again brought up, and several persons appeared at one of the stage doors, who were invited to the centre of the stage. They, however, retired; but after a short time mr. justice Reid, attended by several gentlemen from Bow-street, made his appearance. All appeared anxious to hear him, but to gain silence was not among things possible.

After vainly endeavouring hearing, mr. R. at length produced the riot act. Loud hisses followed. Unable to explain himself to the whole house, he now addressed himself to a gentleman in one of the stage boxes, who attempted to communicate them to the audience. This effort was followed by a partial burst of applause from those near him, inducing those at a distance to imagine their wishes were complied with; but unable to ascertain this precisely, they called out to have the prices chalked on a board, and exhibited on the stage. On this mr. Reid and his attendants retired, and the audience remained silent for some time; but no farther notice being taken of them, they again proceeded to hiss, call on Kemble, &c. and at length retired by degrees at a very late hour.

We are happy to hear that notwithstanding the crowds that pressed in through all the entrances, no serious accident have happened. Numberless parties, who had taken boxes for the week back, were either unable to reach their places, or found them pre-occupied, or were expelled from them, by the intrusion of persons who could bring forward no other claim to them than superi-

ority

ority of phyſical ſtrength. We were ſorry to obſerve that no means had been provided or put in force to check this diſorder, or counteract theſe encroachments. One party defending themſelves, that the box-door in the face of their aſſailants, who quickly broke the door, and entering the box though unable to regain their ſeats, forced the others to relinquiſh, as from the exceſſive preſſure behind all were obliged to ſtand.

We obſerved but very few women in the houſe; in the pit there was not a dozen, and we cannot too much commend this forbearance and caution on their part—of the few who were in the boxes, ſome fainted from the extreme heat, and were obliged to be taken out in the air. Indeed the heat was very oppreſſive, which acting on the freſh painting was rendered doubly offenſive and intolerable. But theſe inconveniencies will ſoon wear away, as will the marks of diſapprobation, which laſt night totally prevented all rational enjoyment of the performance.

Although we are unable to ſpeak of the merits of the performers, for we may venture to pronounce the beſt tragedy of our immortal bard, as repreſented laſt night, a very *Panramize*, in the ſtrict meaning of the word; yet, of the dreſſes, the decorations, and the ſcenery, we cannot ſpeak with too warm an eulogium. They are in every reſpect ſuited to the magnificence of the theatre, the grand ſcale of the whole eſtabliſhment, and the liberality and taſte of a Britiſh public. The ſcenery in particular towers in general effect, and appropriate detail, above all we have yet witneſſed; and the pencils of Phillips, Whitmore, Grieve, and Lupino, have never been more happily employed. To the mechanits, in the management of the ſcenery much praiſe is due.

Some of the royal dukes, and no ſmall portion of faſhion, were among the audience; but there was ſomething of a ſombre appearance in the boxes from the abſence of female charms, without which every aſſemblage muſt be inanimate and unintereſting.

Further Particulars.

The noiſe and confuſion continued nearly one hour and a half after the curtain was drawn. Several perſons exclaimed John Philip Kemble come forward! No Napoleons in the theatre! We want Pizarro! Old prices! No magiſtrates! and a variety of epithets too coarſe and vulgar to be deſcribed.—— Two females in the firſt circle of boxes were particularly active in expreſſing their diſpleaſure, and one of them made an attempt to break a chandelier, but ſhe was prevented by a gentleman. At one time a boy prevailed of our lights! and a perſon in the third tier on the king's ſide continued making violent noiſe on a box door. The officers, who were ſtationed in every part of the theatre, immediately took him into cuſtody, and he was conveyed out of the theatre. About one o'clock the audience was reduced to a ſmall number, and 'God ſave the king,' was propoſed in the two ſhilling gallery, and was ſung by all preſent. 'Rule Britannia' followed in full chorus, after which, thoſe who had remained, left the theatre in a regular and orderly manner. At one time the ſpectators in the ſhilling gallery got over the front and dropped into the 2s. gallery. This effort was occaſioned by the appearance of ſeveral ſoldiers in the gallery, whom they ſuſpected were ſent to take them priſoners. We are happy to find that this diſturbance which aſſumed a moſt formidable aſpect at the early part of the evening, terminated without miſchief. Some ſenſe of propriety appeared to prevail among thoſe who were the moſt vociferous, and the grand conteſt for the reduction of the prices was only maintained by Stentorian lungs. Firemen were ſtationed in various parts of the theatre, to prevent accidents, and the inſtruments left in the orcheſtra were protected by a body of labourers belonging to the houſe. Fights and ſkirmiſhing extended all over the theatre, and a gentleman nearly ſeparated the firſt joint of his finger by ſtriking his hand through a glaſs in one of the box doors. We did not hear of any injury of a more ſerious nature having been ſuſtained. By two o'clock the doors of the theatre were ſhut, the guard diſmiſſed and all was left quiet.

Several of the box doors are broken in pieces, but the damage done is not, we underſtand, of much conſequence.

SECOND NIGHT.

THE '*Beggar's Opera*,' and the afterpiece, '*Is he a Prince?*' were announced for repreſentation at this theatre on Wedneſday, and they were performed, as were *Macbeth* and *The Quaker*, on the preceding night, entirely in dumb ſhew; not a ſyllable that was ſpoken, or a note that was ſung, could be heard in any part of the houſe, on account of the inceſſant clamour that prevailed throughout the evening.

Though an immenſe crowd had collected about the doors at their opening, the houſe was not, at the riſing of the curtain, more than half full; nor did there ſeem much diſpoſition, either in the people to pay, or in the door-keepers to receive, money; a great part of thoſe who gained admiſſion

thereby

therefore, it is to be concluded, came with orders, particularly in the boxes.

In the centre of the pit, a determined party had ſtationed themſelves, who exhibited upon their ſticks large labels, with the words 'old prices.' The opera commenced, and proceeded to the end—not a ſpeech nor an air was, we believe, omitted; but they were not tediouſly dwelt upon by the performers, as *Macbeath* got his reproove by half-paſt eight o'clock—and ſincerely glad, we dare ſay he was! The fine ſinging of Incledon and mrs. Dickons was entirely thrown away, and the eccentricities of the farce were hurried over in a very ſhort ſpace of time, in the midſt of a more horrid din, if poſſible, than that which ſerved as the accompaniment of the opera:—nor were the audience, any more than on Monday night, inclined to quit their places; it was a very late hour before they all departed, but we did not perceive any diſpoſition to riot, otherwiſe than by vociferation:—the combination of noiſes was indeed moſt inhuman. How long is this outrage to decorum to be ſuffered, or how long does the manager mean to perſevere in treating the loudly-declared voice of the public with ſilent contempt? Mr. Kemble was repeatedly called upon to come forward laſt night, but he never made his appearance. Mr. Munden and mr. Incledon were both made the bearers of written notes, but they brought back no anſwers; and the next play was given out by the latter gentleman in his moſt graceful manner. At the concluſion of the whole performance, which took place before ten o'clock, the uproar continued, and every body ſeemed determined to ſtay where he was till the manager ſhould condeſcend to anſwer their calls. The paper containing the large words 'old prices!' was now pinned on the front of one of the public boxes, a lady furniſhing the pins. Shouts of approbation followed this proceeding; but no notice being taken of it on the part of the managers, it was handed to the front of the pit, and being there held up, a boy belonging to the orcheſtra ſnatched it out of the holder's hand, and ran off with it. The cry of 'get on the ſtage!' here became general; and the managers had now recourſe to inſtruments of terror, letting looſe a poſſe of Bow ſtreet officers from the ſtage doors, and (incredible to relate) letting open the ſeveral trap-doors of the ſtage, ſo that if any perſon laid ſieges to it, he might be caught! This awed the public; and after a little time the Bow-ſtreet officers left the ſtage, and peopled the orcheſtra. A gentleman from the boxes now addreſſed the audience with no very great ſkill; he put it to them, that all the public wanted from the managers was a ſtatement of their receipts and payments, and that its great objection was to paying money which would not go to enrich the performers, but three or four individuals. He ſaid nothing too about Catalani, and ſomething about the enormous ſalaries of the Kembles. The ſpeech was good natured—received; but nothing was to conquer the ſilent contempt with which the managers choſe to treat the public voice. At about eleven o'clock the conſtables were ſent into the theatre to clear it; and, we are ſorry to add, that they took into cuſtody ſeveral perſons, who were only exerciſing the freedom of Engliſhmen, in ſpeaking their opinions in a public theatre.

THIRD NIGHT.

MR. ELLISTON was the firſt who made a pantomime of *Macbeth*; but the managers of Covent Garden theatre laſt night went a ſtep further, and made a pantomime of *King Richard the Third* too. The houſe was fuller laſt night than it was the night before; but this is to be attributed partly to the quires of orders, which we know are diſtributed nightly to the ſupporters of the impoſition, and partly to the eagerneſs of the public to continue for a third night the hoſtilities which they found, by the papers, were repeated on the ſecond night. In ſpite of all orders, however, the clamour againſt the advance in prices was laſt night as vehement as ever. The audience had then provided themſelves with printed papers containing the words 'old prices' in large letters, which were exalted in ſeveral places; and in one part of the pit was elevated, by three ſticks tied together, a bill inſcribed with theſe words, in large capitals: 'reſiſt the impoſition every night, until abated.' This was received by the public with the moſt joyful ſhouts, and continued to be exhibited all the evening. The pit ſeemed to rally round it as their ſtandard; and a perſon near it provided himſelf with a poſt-boy's horn, which he loudly blew all night long. When mr. Charles Kemble appeared as *Richmond*, we were convinced that we had not till then heard the loudeſt ſhout the audience were capable of raiſing. The ceiling of the theatre muſt greatly accredit the architect's ſtrength of building: it has reſiſted 'ſhouts' that would have 'rent the ſkies' or 'torn hell's concave.' There were other placards exhibited in the courſe of the evening, particularly a large one in the front boxes, inſcribed, 'old prices for ever! never ſubmit to the new ones!' 'Native talent,' and 'no Catalani,' were alſo received with unbounded applauſe.'

During

During the laſt act of the play, a pigeon was let fly from one of the pigeon-holes of the upper gallery, to intimate that the public were *pigeoned*.

Nearly at the concluſion of the farce, mr. Munden came forward, and attempted to addreſs the audience; but before he could procure a hearing, mr. Kemble appeared: and it being ſuppoſed that his intention was to announce the determination of the proprietors to return to the old prices, he was received with a thunder of applauſe. Mr. Kemble, however, began by expreſſing himſelf truly thankful for their kind indulgence in permitting him to addreſs them, an to aſſure them how happy the proprietors were at all times to attend to the accommodation and wiſhes of the public. He was, therefore, deſirous to know what they had to complain of? This laſt ſentence was followed by a volley of groans and hiſſes; and in anſwer, the words 'old prices,' were exhibited in every part of the houſe.—After this mr. Kemble endeavoured but in vain to procure a hearing, and retired amidſt the moſt marked diſapprobation of the audience.

When the performances of the night were concluded, the audience kept their places as firmly as before the play commenced, and in a ſhort time they were addreſſed from the lower boxes by mr. Lea, an attorney. He began by exhorting the audience to perſevere in the ſame line of conduct they had hitherto done, and aſſured them whilſt they did ſo they were not amenable to the law. They were perfectly juſtified in expreſſing their diſapprobation of any performance, or on account of the advanced prices of the boxes and pit; but he adviſed them by all means not to give the officers in waiting a handle to ill uſe them. He had, himſelf, witneſſe ſeveral acts of outrage committed that evening by officers and perſons ſent into the houſe by the manager. He had particularly marked the foreman of the workmen employed about the theatre, who had conducted himſelf with the greateſt impropriety. He knew, too, that ſome hundreds of orders had been diſtributed among the workmen, and in ſome neighbouring printing-offices, in order to procure a full attendance of the friends to the impoſition. At one office all the printers received orders, and attended, but only to advocate the cauſe of the public; this he conſidered perfectly fair. Mr Lea alſo adverted to a circumſtance which happened at the doors of the theatre; the door keepers were charged to refuſe money, and admit orders in preference; but what ſeemed to him moſt ſurpriſing was, that mr. Kemble ſhould expreſs his ignorance of what they had to complain of. It was a great pity that the proprietors did not ſend forward a perſon who was acquainted with their complaints. Their grievances, he ſaid, were not confined to the advance of prices. He hoped that the Britiſh ſtage would never be ſuffered to contaminate with Italian depravity and French duplicity. (*Thunders of applauſe.*) He conjured the public to be firm, and promiſed to meet them on the following evening.

Mr. Smith, a barriſter, next addreſſed the audience from the oppoſite boxes. He ſaid, that mr. Kemble had profeſſed his ignorance of their complaints; he therefore propoſed that mr. Kemble ſhould be required to attend for the purpoſe of hearing them, provided the audience would promiſe to liſten patiently to him. This was agreed to, and in leſs than five minutes mr. Kemble appeared on the ſtage and ſpoke as follows:—

'*Ladies and Gentlemen*:—With great reſpect I wait on your demands—(Here there was a cry of 'you know them' and mr. Lea added, 'I will tell you in three words, the old prices.') mr. Kemble then proceeded:—

'Ladies and gentlemen, I have at laſt comprehended that the cauſe of your diſpleaſure conſiſts in the ſmall advance of prices on the boxes and pit; (cries of 'yes, yes') Ladies and gentlemen—In the reign of queen Anne the price of admiſſion to the pit was 5 ſhillings. One hundred years ago, the galleries, ladies and gentlemen, were at the ſame prices as at preſent. Really I throw myſelf entirely on your generoſity and liberality. For the laſt ten years the proprietors have not received more than ſix per cent. for their capital, which is certainly very trifling, conſidering the great hazard of the property. The proprietors have laid out 150,0 ol. in building a theatre which ſhould be worthy of a Britiſh public, and in making it the fineſt theatre in Europe; beſides which, the enormous expence of dreſſes, &c. and the getting up (as we phraſe it) of plays, in a ſtyle that ſhall be worthy of you, is beyond comprehenſion.' The expence of dreſſes and ſcenery have, within theſe few years, doubled, trebled, quadrupled; and, indeed, there are other expences, too numerous to mention, and with which I am in fact unacquainted. (*A laugh.*) Suffer me, ladies and gentlemen, to ſpeak a few words in reply to a gentleman, who obſerved t'other night, that not one farthing of the advance would ever find its way into the pockets of the performers. Now, in truth, I ſay to you, (and I am ſure that no one will doubt of my ſpeaking the truth before you,) that at the laſt rui-

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ing of the prices, the performers were alſo benefited; and, I am ſure, all the performers are ready to come forward to ratify it. Ladies and gentlemen, I have only to ſay, that I fully rely on your liberality; and that on mature deliberation, you will not ſee any thing unreaſonable in the propoſed regulation of the prices.

This ſpeech was interrupted, and received with a return of the audience's vehement diſapprobation; and they did not leave the houſe till they had encouraged each other with three cheers, and promiſed to perſevere. The houſe was nearly empty at a quarter before eleven.

While all this was going on inſide the theatre, the ſervants of the houſe were not idle without. Their taſk was to diſtribute antidotes to the poiſon which the public mind had imbibed; and notable indeed were the ſpecifics. They conſiſted of a hand bill, containing the advertiſement which appears in this day's paper, at the foot of the play bill, and a little coarſely-printed pamphlet, with the hand bill at the end of it: 'the greater contains the leſs.' What this hand bill ſays about profit, is mere aſſertion; and as to 'precariouſneſs,' is not all property liable to, and inſurable from, fire? Let us ſee if the pamphlet itſelf contains any thing like proof. It is called 'Extracts from a pamphlet, entitled Theatrical Taxation.' This whole pamphlet, we had ſeen before, and knew it muſt have been written by ſome perſon who would be benefited by the 'taxation.' It is expeditiouſly ill-written; but its argument is worſe than its ſtyle.

Really we have neither read nor heard of any thing to alter our opinion of the preſent impoſition; and we think the following plan of proceeding, which has been recommended to us by a correſpondent, very worthy of adoption:—Would it not be adviſeable to have books at the different coffee-houſes in the metropolis, and let thoſe people who feel juſtly indignant at the impoſition inſert their names, and pledge themſelves not to attend till the managers are brought back to their ſenſes, and reduce the prices to the old ſtandard.

FOURTH NIGHT.

THE theatre was fuller laſt night than it has been yet; hundreds fail to procure ſeats. Pantomimes are always attractive, and the public are now glutted with them. The uproar was laſt night enriched by the accompaniment of watchmen's rattles, horns, and whiſtles, with which the audience had previouſly provided themſelves. The pageantry of the audience conſiſted in above twenty large placards, which were ſuſpended from almoſt every pillar of the boxes. On theſe the principal novelties of inſcription were, 'Britons, be firm.' 'No theatrical taxation.' 'Dickons for ever; no Catalani.' 'No impoſition on the public.' 'Be ſilent, mr. Kemble's head *aches*.' 'No annual boxes, or Italian ſingers.' 'Harris will, but Kemble won't,' 'Kemble hear—John Bull adviſes—to ſave your fame—and ſink your prices.' 'Kemble remember the Dublin ſtrikes.' 'God ſave the king, and God ſave ourſelves,' &c. &c. The performers who uſually appear in the opera of *Love in a Village*, and the farce of *Who Wins?* came on the ſtage at intervals, to hear and ſee the performance of the pit, boxes, and galleries: and we did not find that they interrupted the houſe with a ſingle word. This was polite; the houſe has often attended to them.

At the concluſion of the opera, a gentleman from the front boxes addreſſed the audience; but, between the hiſſes of the few, whoſe intereſt it was to oppoſe all explanation, and the applauſes of the majority of the theatre, we could not hear a ſingle word he ſaid. He ſeemed, however, much to edify thoſe who were immediately around him; and we could diſtinguiſh that they applauded him at almoſt every ſentence. He concluded amidſt the ſame uproar in which he commenced; and his ſpeech effected no purpoſe.

The commencement of the farce ſeemed to be the ſignal for a continuance of the tumult, and on the appearance of mrs. C. Kemble, it, if poſſible, encreaſed. At the concluſion of the performance, an hoſt of orators preſented themſelves to the audience from the galleries, the diviſions of the boxes, and the benches of the pit.—One, however, the ſtrength of whoſe lungs obtained for him a temporary ſuperiority, addreſſed them as follows:—

'*Ladies and gentlemen*—I am glad to ſee we are again aſſembled with the ſame ſpirit in which we parted, namely to repreſs this moſt flagrant impoſition. The proprietors have not aſſigned a ſingle valid reaſon for the increaſe; if they had, no man would oppoſe them; but it is, indeed, ludicrous to hear mr. Kemble talk of capital on the ſtage. Oh! gentlemen, he talks of it very differently in the treaſury. If, as he ſays, he really expended ſo much capital on the theatre, will he not be repaid ten-fold by the profits he will derive from it hereafter—that is, provided he is moderate in his demands—provided he pelters us with no Italian ſquallers—provided he deſiſt from his intolerable obſtinacy. Poor mr. Kemble pretends ignorance of capital, and yet no man

man knows it better—he disdains money, and yet no man loves it better. But, I trust, we shall shew him, that we can also appreciate its value; and that a British audience will never submit to unwarrantable innovation.'

This speech was frequently interrupted by loud cheerings, and on its conclusion the speaker was greeted with a loud chorus of catcalls, watchmen's rattles, French horns, &c. &c.

The uproar continuing, as vehement as ever, mr. Kemble at length made his appearance, and after an unanimous salutation of hisses, groans, and every species of abuse, declared that he was extremely sorry that the considerations which he had the honour to propose to them last night had not met their approbation. He begged, however, to remind them, and hoped they would liberally consider.—[Here the audience perceiving an acquiescence to their wishes was not intended, burst into a renewed uproar, in the midst of which bowing respectfully to all parts of the house, mr. Kemble was compelled to retire.]

After order had been in some degree restored, the orator who had addressed them before, returned,—gentlemen you have not gained all you wished, but you have gained much, in the first place, the fire-engines have been withdrawn—next, a kind of apology has been made in the bills of the day, and lastly, the Bow-street officers are visibly diminished.

The mention of Bow-street instantly called up another speaker, who now insisted on precedence. 'Gentlemen, said he, you see you must finally conquer—be firm, and you must be victorious—I need not ask you to be moderate, for I believe there never was an instance in which the public opinion was so unanimously expressed, and in the expression of which so little injury has been done.—You are men of sense, and therefore, though you will be firm, you will not be outrageous.—Mr. Kemble shall not lay the hands of the law on you, and yet, that very law with which he threatens us, declares this mighty magnanimous John Philip Kemble to be a *vagrant*. It does so rightly; for that is the only check we can have upon such fellows. Gentlemen you are unanimous, I hope you will be *harmonious*,'—the last expression had scarcely escaped the speaker's lips, when the musical instruments were instantly put in requisition, and the evening concluded with a full chorus, all the audience striking up 'God save the king,' and Rule Britannia,' in concert with the rattles and French horns. The audience separated before eleven.

Madame Catalani's salary at Covent-garden theatre has been publicly avowed to be 4000 guineas, together with two free benefits, which will cost the house about 200l. each; consequently, she stands the theatre 4600l. while she herself will probably enjoy about 6000l. taking each benefit moderately at 700l. The engagement of mrs. Siddons has been long ago announced for 70 nights, and then (mother time) to take leave of the public; and it has recently been published from the theatre, almost by authority, that her pay is 50 guineas per night, making altogether 3750l. with also, no doubt, a free benefit, costing the house in the whole 3950l. and clearing herself 4450l. supposing her benefit to produce as much as Catalani's do. Then taking mr. Kemble as actor and manager, at the moderate rate of one third more than Catalani's 4000 guineas, and, of course, 6300l. which, with his benefit of 1000l. more, makes his total receipt from the property, 7300l. This three persons cost Covent-garden theatre no less than 15,050l. whilst they themselves enjoy 17,750l. or nearly about 100l. every night that the theatre is open for performance. Mr. Garrick, as an actor, never enjoyed above 30l. per week, or about 1000 guineas each season, and his salary as manager was but 500l. In his time, the whole of the actors and actresses of Drury-lane did not cost altogether so much as the above three celebrated performers now enjoy, or at least are engaged for at Covent-garden, provided the public approve. These are your necessities, John Bull!——Swallow them if you can. If these salaries are incorrect, let the treasurer of the theatre state what they really are.

From the Statesman.

As, from the increased numbers with which the house is every night gratuitously filled, the proprietors appear determined to put down the public, it may be worth while dispassionately to examine the foundation of their claim to an advance of prices. They have attempted to bully and dragoon the public by employing thief catchers, bruisers, catchpoles, and a whole tribe of servile hirelings and dependants. They have had recourse successively to trap-doors, fire-men, engine-pipes, constables, bullies, ruffians, and fighting-watermen. Nor will bayonets, the '*ultima ratio Regum*,' be wanting, if necessary; though, in this instance, we greatly doubt the possibility of bringing the military to act against the people. We have also had, though last, not least, Viner's abridgement, and lord Mans-

field, brought into the line of battle. Againſt all theſe truly formidable antagoniſts, we ſhall, on the part of the public, oppoſe but one gentleman, who is, in himſelf a hoſt, in all matters of calculation—that is the author of a little book of rudiments, by which we firſt acquire the art of counting—the ingenious mr. Cocker. Now, mr. John Kemble,

'Mark how a plain tale ſhall put you down.'

The proprietors have expended, ſays mr. John Philip Kemble. on this theatre the ſum of 150,000l.

We will not here ſtop to argue this point. but admit that to be the fact.

The intereſt of that ſum, at 5l. per cent. is 7500l.

Now the 30 private retreats, inſultingly and pedantically called annual boxes, are let at the ſum of 400 guineas each for the ſaſon, which amounts to the annual ſum of 12,600l.

The account, therefore, between the proprietors, and the public ſtand thus :—

Coſt of the Theatre	£150,000	The annual ſum received for private boxes is 12,600l. per annum which is equal to the intereſt of	£252,000
The intereſt of which is 7,500l per ann.			
Balance, extorted from the public, in the firſt inſtance, by private boxes—excluſive of the attempt to raiſe the prices	£102,000		
	£253,000		£252,000

'Three times three make nine.—Cocker.'

The above ſtatement it is impoſſible to miſtake. The proprietors of Covent-garden, Put upwards of 100,000l. in their pocket,—diminiſh the accommodations for the people, and then have the unparalleled effrontery to raiſe the prices of admiſſion!!—Oh love of pelf!

'As if increaſe of appetite had grown
'By what it fed on.'

FIFTH NIGHT.

Perhaps the annals of Bartholemew Fair never exhibited ſo riotous a ſcene as that of laſt night. Thoſe who witneſſed the former tumults, thought confuſion had obtained its acme, but they were ſoon convinced it could be 'worſe confounded.' All the deficiencies of the former nights were carefully ſupplied; and every inſtrument which could at all increaſe the noiſe, or add to the diſcordance, was put in requiſition. Long before the curtain drew up, the fronts of the boxes were lined with placards, and a number of red flags played over the muſicians in the pit. Among the placards the following were the moſt conſpicuous. 'A repreſentation of Kemble ſuſpended from a gallows, motto, a cure for my *aitches*'—'The voice of the public will not be ſilenced by hirelings.' 'John Bull, verſus king John.'—'Support king George, reſiſt king Kemble.' 'Native nightingales, no foreign ſcreech owls.' John Bull is, and ever will be, the rewarder of merit, and the reſiſter of oppreſſion.' Not a ſyllable of the play could be heard, and the pantomime, for ſuch alone it can be called, was accompanied by hiſſes, cat-calls, bugles, large bells, watchmen's rattles, the tops of clarionets, light infantry whiſtles, &c. &c.

The play proceeded with unexampled rapidity, and while 'huge uproar lorded it wide,' in the middle of the ſecond act. mr. Kemble made his appearance. He was greeted with mingled acclamations of encouragement, and hootings, and revilings. It was long before ſilence could be obtained, and the fits of ſtillneſs were of very ſhort duration, and liable to be interrupted every inſtant from the moſt caſual occaſions. Mr. Kemble was dreſſed as before in black, and while on the ſtage exhibited a conſiderable degree of agitation. He ſpoke to the following effect :—

'Ladies and Gentlemen—I have a propoſal to ſubmit to you (loud applauſe,) if I may have the honour to have it heard, (interruptions) which I am in hopes will effectually contribute to the reſtoration of the public tranquillity. (General plaudits.) Ladies and Gentlemen—the proprietors are willing to ſubmit their accounts and books (no! no! hear! hear!) to the inſpection of a committee of gentlemen of unimpeachable impartiality and honour, propoſed by the public, who, from their rank and characters, muſt be acknowledged to be above all ſuſpicion. (Hear! hear!) To convince the whole world, and ſhew the ſtate of their affairs, the proprietors are anxious that they ſhould be ſubmitted, for inſtance, (if he could be prevailed on kindly to undertake the trouble of inveſtigating their accounts) to the governor of the bank of England. (A partial cry of no! no!) Ladies and gentlemen, I only aſk what I'm

ſure you won't deny me—impartial juſtice. (Univerſal applauſe, interrupted by ſounding a horn, at which great indignation was expreſſed.) Let the attorney-general of England—

Here the confuſion became ſo great, that mr. Kemble retired to the ſtage door. On being requeſted by acclamation, he however, again returned, and ſaid,

'Ladies and Gentlemen—The proprietors are deſirous (interruption)—they are anxious to ſubmit a ſtate of their affairs—'

The tumult returned with ſuch increaſed violence that mr. Kemble made his *exit*, after explaining to the perſons in the pit and boxes, neareſt the ſtage, that they wiſhed to refer the matter to ſuch men as the governor of the bank of England, the attorney-general the ſolicitor-general, or the accountant-general of the court of chancery; ſir Francis Baring, and mr. Angerſtein; and to abide by their opinion on the propriety or impropriety of the preſent advance of prices on the pit and boxes.

After mr. Kemble quitted the ſtage, the noiſe and the uproar was greater than ever, and ſo continued till the play concluded, which it did at half paſt eight o'clock.

In the interval between the play and farce, the confuſion was not diminiſhed; cat-calls, trumpets, rattles, horns, bells, and human voices, kept up the din with unabated violence. During this interval, the ſpirit of the noiſe was kept up by a new placard, painted in black letters on a yellow cloth, and properly mounted on a long wand. This ſeemed to have been got-up with ſome pains, and was uſhered into the houſe by the ſound of a rattle from one of the front boxes; the inſcription was, 'no Italian depravity or French duplicity: native talent and the old prices.' This was received with tremendous applauſe, and was handed up to the galleries and round the pit, and dandled about like a pet child, being at laſt returned to its owner.

The enthuſiaſm of the night was not confined to one ſex—ſome of the fair were anxious to come forward, and they entered the liſts boldly againſt the managers demands. They bowed frequently to the accommodating pit for ſuch placards as ſtruck their fancy, and the gentlemen in that part of the houſe politely handed them to the ladies. When women take up the cauſe againſt the poor managers, we fear the tongues muſt prevail againſt them. The oppoſition is every night giving ſtronger evidences of their organization and diſciphne; the great force is never put forth, but on the entrance or departure of the performers, upon which occaſions the uproar is almoſt inſupportable.

Between the firſt and ſecond acts of the farce, a gentleman in the lower box lobby addreſſed the perſons around him as follows:—

'I am regardleſs of any perſon in this theatre or out of it; but I think if the managers took off the additional prices impoſed on the pit, we ought to be ſatisfied. I am of opinion, that no perſon who frequents thoſe boxes, ſhould ſet ſo much value on a ſhilling, as to give himſelf the pain of hallooing, or to lower himſelf ſo much in his own eſtimation, as to act, for a night, like a ruffian. Is there a gentleman around me who will come forward, and ſay, that, for a ſhilling a night, he would prevent his female friends from enjoying the pleaſure of a play? I am ſenſible there is not one. Then I aſk you, as gentlemen, to reſiſt the preſent torrent, if the managers will reduce the pit to the old prices. There is but one way of properly knowing their ſentiments on this occaſion, which is to wait on them like gentlemen, as we are, and tender them our propoſition, which, I have not a doubt, but they will gratefully accept.' (Loud cries of, 'Bravo! bravo!')

He then continued—'I will offer myſelf as one of thoſe who will wait on them. Which of you will accompany me?' ('I will!' 'will!' was echoed by ſeveral voices.)

Three gentlemen inſtantly came forward, and were accepted of by the ſpeaker, and they left the lobby immediately to conſult, amidſt loud huzzas, and every perſon who heard the propoſition ſeemed pleaſed.

In one part of the houſe a caricature was exhibited, repreſenting a conference between John Bull and mr. Kemble. In another part, a burleſque ſcene from *Macbeth* was held forth to view, purporting to be mr. Kemble and mr. Harris in the characters of *Macbeth* and *Banquo*, with the following dialogue.

Macbeth—'Thou can'ſt not ſay I did it.'
Banquo—'A lie—a bl—y lie—upon my ſoul a lie—a d—ned lie.'

The placard bearers of laſt night were leſs moleſted than uſual. A diſturbance took place in one of the boxes, in conſequence of which the preſſure was ſuch that a lady fell half over and was in great danger of falling into the pit. Rattles and horns were very numerous, and were triumphantly brandiſhed and blown in the faces of the police officers. After the performances the audience in the pit amuſed themſelves by dancing on the benches, which

cauſed

caused such a cloud of dust to arise, that to remain in the house way to brave suffocation. 'God save the King' was, as usual, sung several times in the course of the evening, as was 'Rule Britannia,' and Hearts of Oak.' The house was cleared before eleven, about an hour before the fall of the curtain.

The cloth which covered the pit benches is entirely worn out by the feet of those who have been all along standing and jumping upon it, and it is in many places unripped; and the boxes as much the worse for wear as the pit does for tear.

SIXTH NIGHT.

The spirit which has animated the public since the opening of this theatre, far from being subdued, seemed rather to have gained strength and solidity last night. The theatre was by no means so crowded as on the former nights of the week; but this proceeded in a great measure from there having been a comparatively trifling number of orders issued, and the managers being desirous of trying what effect might be produced by leaving the public to the weight of their own unbiassed judgment. The usual catcalls, proceeding from rattles, trumpets, whistles, &c. proceeded in full chorus during the play and farce, which were merely pantomimic sketches of the pieces they purported to represent. During the interval, a number of placards were displayed, suspended principally from the first tier of boxes, with inscriptions favourable to the public cause, as it seemed universally to be esteemed. Among others we noted the following:

'British merit for ever and no Catalani.'

One board contained a list of the salaries and benefits of Catalani, J. Kemble, C. Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons, amounting to 25,575l.

Another, the following:

'John Bull, John Bull, be merry, bold,
'and resolute,
'Fear not to shew disapprobation,
'But freely keep your noisy station,
'For none of Kemble born
'Can *gull* a British nation.'

'Do you lower your prices, and we will raise the wind.

'Vox populi suprema lex.'

A coffin, with cross bones, &c. and the words—

'Here lies the body of new prices, who died 23d of September, 1809. aged six days.'

The play and farce were finished soon after nine o'clock, and the assemblage (audience they could not be called,) at the end of each, favoured the performers with a cheer, in token of their approbation of their conduct and services.

After about half an hour spent amidst the usual tumult and mixture of discordant sounds, there being occasionally, loud calls for mr. Kemble, and a seemingly fixed determination not to depart till he should come forward, a young gentleman, who had spoken on a former night, addressed the company from one of the front boxes, inveighing principally against the conduct of the managers. He exhorted the public however, to persevere, assuring them that they must ultimately prevail.

Mr. Kemble then came forward, amidst tumults of applause and disapprobation. Having procured an interval of silence, he first directed his attention to the charge made against him of contemning the public voice and opinion. He appealed to the last twenty-five of his life as an actor and manager, for an answer to this charge, and trusted that his conduct during that long period would prove his acquittal, in this respect with all who heard him.—(Applauses.) The proprietors, he sincerely assured them, were most anxiously inclined to do every thing in their power to meet the public inclination, and to allay any ferment which might have been created.—(Applauses.) They were willing that a committee of gentlemen should be appointed to inspect the state of the concern, and from the profits thence derived, to say whether the old or the new prices were the most fit and reasonable. (Loud and universal marks of disapprobation, and cries of No, no!)

This mr. Kemble repeated in a more

for

ſupplicating tone, but the return was ſtill more cordial. He then ſaid—

'Ladies and gentlemen.—The proprietors thought they could not do a more gratifying thing to the public, or one which ſhould more completely ſatisfy them of their wiſh to act liberally and fairly, than by making them as well acquainted with the ſtate of the affairs of the theatre as the proprietors themſelves are.'—(Loud applauſes.)

Mr. Kemble took advantage of this burſt to ſtate, that finding this to be the opinion of the majority of the company,—(cries of no! no!)—he had alſo to ſtate it to be the intention of the proprietors, that till the report of theſe gentlemen could be received, the theatre ſhould continue ſhut.—(This was received with acclamations, the whole company ſtanding.)

Mr. Kemble at the ſuggeſtion of a gentleman in one of the ſide boxes, aſſured the audience, that no time ſhould be loſt in acquainting the public with the opinion of the committee, whatever it might be.

He then ſtated, that as to madame Catalani, he could only ſay that mr. Harris, in entering into the agreement with her, had been actuated ſolely by a wiſh to evince his gratitude to the public, to promote their amuſements, and fulfil their wiſhes.—(Applauſes.) Feeling, however, that this was not congenial to the public mind, an alteration had taken place in this engagement, and he could now aſſure the audience, that madame Catalani had relinquiſhed her engagement, which was now at an end.

Mr. Kemble retired amidſt a contending ſtorm of applauſe and diſapprobation, and the aſſembly diſperſed, not in the higheſt good humour.

Account of a dead body found under the porch of a Church, in Bolton, Maſs, in a high ſtate of preſervation, from the Quebec Paper.

A circumſtance occurred a ſhort time ſince, while the workmen were repairing a church in this town, and erecting ſome new tombs under, that deſerves to be recorded. The ground under the porch at the entrance of the church was directed to be dug up, this ſpot having been given for the erection of two tombs. At the diſtance of ſix feet from the ſurface, a grave was diſcovered, in which was found a coffin of a hard pitch pine, commonly called the Norway pine, very little decayed, which on being opened, contained another of the ſame wood, very handſomely made, and not at all injured; the lid of this being lifted ſhowed a body wrapped in tarred ſheets, that on being removed from the face, preſented the countenance of a man that appeared quite recently to have died; his face, was freſh and florid as though juſt ſhaved: the fleſh hard to the touch, and every appearance of a new corpſe, from a ſhort and not painful illneſs:—two or three ſprigs of myrtle or box, green as juſt cut from the ſtock, were alſo lying on the outſide of the tarred ſheets.

Both coffins, had on their lids, in braſs nails, the letter I. T. and a grave ſtone, at the head of the grave declared the perſon to be mr. John Thomas, of the Iſland of Barbadoes, aged 45 years, who died the 25th of June, A. D. 1726, more than 82 years ago. The number of perſons who came to ſee this curious fact, from the fineneſs of the preſervation, and the manner of it, induced the wardens to direct the coffin to be cloſed again and buried, which is at the N. E. corner of the church. The ſoil under the porch was a yellow clay, mixed with ſmall ſtones and ſome gravel. Whether the body had been partially embalmed previous to the interment is not known; but the verdure of the ſprigs of myrtle induces one to think it may be owing wholly to the excluſion of external air; yet his being of Barbadoes, and ſuch care taken of his corpſe, with a view perhaps to removal, would occaſion one to imagine the inteſtines had been taken out, and perhaps ſubſtituted. The fact is, however, as ſtated, and the curious may draw their own concluſions.

The Mermaid ſeen on the Coaſt of Caithneſs. Letter from Miſs Mackay, daughter of the Rev. David Mackay, Miniſter of Reay to Miſs Innes Dowager of Sanſide.

'*Reay Manſe, May 25, 1809.*

'Madam,—To eſtabliſh the truth of what has hitherto been conſidered improbable and fabulous, muſt be at all times a difficult taſk, and I have not the vanity to think that my teſtimony alone would be ſufficient for this purpoſe; but when to this is added that of four others, I hope it will have ſome effect in removing the doubts of thoſe, who may ſuppoſe that the wonderful appearance I reported having ſeen in the ſea on the 12th of January, was not a Mermaid, but ſome other uncommon, though

leſs remarkable inhabitant of the deep. As I would willingly contribute to remove the doubt of the ſceptical on this ſubject, I beg leave to ſtate to you the following account, after promiſing that my couſin, whoſe name is affixed along with mine, was one of the four witneſſes who beheld with me this uncommon ſpectacle.

'While ſhe and I were walking by the ſea ſhore, on the 12th of January about noon, our attention was attracted by ſeeing three people who were on a rock at ſome diſtance, ſhowing ſigns of terror and aſtoniſhment at ſomething they ſaw in the water; on approaching them, we diſtinguiſhed that the object of their wonder was a face reſembling the human countenance, which appeared floating on the waves; at that time nothing but the face was viſible; it may not be improper to obſerve before I proceed further, that the face, throat, and arms, are all I can attempt to deſcribe, all our endeavours to diſcover the appearance and poſition of the body being unavailing. The ſea at that time ran very high, and as the waves advanced, the Mermaid gently ſunk under them and afterwards re-appeared. The face ſeemed plump and round, the eyes and noſe were ſmall, the former were of a light grey colour, and the mouth was large, and from the ſhape of the jaw-bone, which ſeemed ſtraight, the face looked ſhort: as to the inſide of the mouth I can ſay nothing, not having attended to it, though ſometimes open. The forehead, noſe, and chin were white, the whole ſide face of a bright pink colour. The head was exceedingly round, the hair thick and long, of a green oily caſt, and appeared troubleſome to it, the waves generally throwing it down over the face, it ſeemed to feel the annoyance, and as the waves retreated, with both its hands frequently threw back the hair and rubbed its throat, as if to remedy any ſoiling it might have received from it. The throat was ſlender, ſmooth, and white; we did not think of obſerving whether it had elbows, but from the manner in which it uſed its arms, I muſt conclude that it had. The arms were very long and ſlender, as were the hands and fingers, the latter were not webbed. The arms, one of them at leaſt, was frequently extended over its head as if to frighten a bird that hovered over it, and ſeemed to diſtreſs it much; when that had no effect, it ſometimes turned quite round ſeveral times ſucceſſively. At a little diſtance we obſerved a ſeal. It ſometimes laid its right hand on its cheek, and in this poſition floated for ſome time. We ſaw nothing like hair or ſcales on any part of it, indeed the ſmoothneſs of the ſkin particularly caught our attention. The time it was diſcernible to us was about an hour. The ſun was ſhining clearly at that time; it was diſtant from us a few yards only. Thoſe are the few obſervations made by us during the appearance of this ſtrange phenomenon.

'If they afford you any ſatisfaction I ſhall be particular happy; I have ſtated nothing but what I clearly recollect; as my couſin and I had frequently previous to this period, combated an aſſertion which is very common among the lower claſs here that the Mermaids had been frequently ſeen on this coaſt, our evidence cannot be thought biaſſed by any former prejudice in favour of the exiſtence of this wonderful creature,

'To contribute in any degree to your pleaſure or amuſement, will add to the happines of,

'Madam, your greatly obliged,
ELIZ. MACKAY,
C. MACKENZEE.'

Love, and an Attempt at Suicide.

Wedneſday morning, about two o'clock, Collingbourn, one of the officers of Union-hall, having received information that ſome perſons had been conveyed in a wounded ſtate into a houſe in Belvedere-place, St. George's fields, and that the report of two piſtols had been heard, immediately went to the houſe. On demanding admiſſion he was refuſed, and it was not till he had attempted to force open the door that it was opened. The officer proceeded directly up ſtairs, and in the front room on the upper ſtory he diſcovered a diſcovered a young gentleman in bed, apparently in great agony, in conſequence of a wound which he had received in the ſide; in the back room on the ſame floor was a young lady in bed, alſo in a wounded ſtate. Collingbourn immediately ſent for mr. Wagſtaff, a ſurgeon, who, on examining the wounded perſons, ſaid that the gentleman had received a wound in the right ſide of his body, with a piſtol ball, and that the ball had entered juſt beneath the lower rib; the lady had alſo received a wound on the ſide apparently with a piſtol ſhot. It appeared that the gentleman had paid his addreſſes to the lady for about three months; they had been out together ſpending the evening and returned from the city about 12 o'clock to the houſe of the father of the gentleman, in Belvedere-place, in a hackney-coach.—Juſt before the coach reached his father's door, he diſcharged one piſtol at his companion and another at himſelf; fortunately the young lady's wounds are not conſidered dangerous; his own are of a moſt ſerious nature. Fear-

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ing that he had not completed his purpoſe, he contrived to ſwallow a quantity of opium ſoon after he was taken out of the coach. It is ſuppoſed that jealouſy was the cauſe of this raſh act. Both the parties are under twenty years of age. Goff, another of the police officers, is with the parties, till farther information can be obtained relative to this melancholy tranſaction.

UNION-HALL.—The circumſtance of a young gentleman attempting to ſhoot himſelf and a young lady who was with him, in a hackney-coach, in Belvedere place, were inveſtigated yeſterday at this office. The gentleman is a ſon of mr. Elliſton of Belvedere-place, and the young lady a miſs Colſon, a reſpectable young woman, whoſe friends reſide in the borough.

——— Hulſton, driver of the hackney-coach, No. 273, ſtated, that he was called off the ſtand in the Minories on Monday night, about 11 o'clock, by a gentleman and two ladies; he was deſired to drive to Crooked-lane, where the ladies got out; one of them, however, returned, and again got into the coach with the gentleman, who deſired him to drive to Belvedere-place, St. George's fields: when he arrived within two or three doors of the houſe, where he was ordered to ſet them down, he was alarmed by the report of a piſtol in the coach, and immediately after of a ſecond, and heard the gentleman exclaim, 'oh, can you forgive me in your dying moments?'—The lady anſwered, 'Yes, yes, yes?' he ſtopped his horſes, and getting off his box, ran to look for a watchman: on his return he found his coach empty, and a perſon informed him that the lady and gentleman were in the houſe, and that no harm was done; in ſearching amongſt the ſtraw of his coach, afterwards, he found a pair of piſtol bags.

Mr. John Taylor lives at No. 42, Belvedere-place, was ſitting with his family, a little before twelve o'clock, on Monday evening, when he was alarmed by the report of two piſtols; he ran out to ſee what was the matter, when he perceived a coach ſtanding near the door, without any perſon on the box; he went up to the coach and opened the door, when by the light of a candle, he perceived mr. Elliſton and miſs Colſon, the latter apparently fainting; he ſhut to the door again, and going to the horſes, drew the coach cloſe to mr. Elliſton's door; the family were by this time alarmed, and he aſſiſted in getting them out of the coach: mr. Elliſton was begging to be forgiven, ſaying he had no intention to hurt her; ſhe anſwered—Yes, yes, ſhe forgave him. Mr. Taylor went for the ſurgeon, and on his return, on ſearching the coach he found a piſtol bullet in the back part of the ſeat, he ſaw no appearance of blood, but ſaw the mark of the powder on the woman's dreſs.

Mr. Wagſtaff, a ſurgeon, ſaid he was called on Monday night about 12 o'clock, to go to mr. Elliſton's houſe to examine two perſons, who were ſuppoſed to be ſeriouſly hurt, he went, and found miſs Colſon ſitting on the bed, partly undreſſed. On examining her perſon, he found ſhe had received a contuſed, wound on the right ſide, which was very much inflamed and ſwelled; her cloaths were perforated in ſeveral places, and, from the appearance of the wound, he had no doubt it was inflicted with ſome ſort of fire arms. After having dreſſed her wound, he was deſired to attend mr. Elliſton. He found him lying on the bed; he had a wound inflicted by a ball in his right ſide; the ball had ſtruck upon his ribs juſt below the breaſt, and gone off ſlanting, without having penetrated the abdomen. The wound was very much inflamed and ſwelled, but the witneſs did not apprehend any immediate danger. From ſome expreſſions, which fell from mr. Elliſton, however, the witneſs was fearful he had taken ſomething of a poiſonous nature; and after being repeatedly preſſed on the ſubject, he acknowledged that, finding the ball had not taken effect, he had contrived, unobſerved, to ſwallow a quantity of opium.—Miſs Colſon reſpecting the firing of the piſtol; ſhe ſaid that mr. Elliſton had deſired her to look out at the window, to ſee if the coachman was not gone paſt the houſe.—Whilſt her head was out at the window, ſhe heard the report of a piſtol, but did not at firſt know ſhe was wounded; nor was ſhe much alarmed, till ſhe heard the ſecond report, and ſaw the flaſh in the coach when ſhe ſcreamed out. The witneſs did not conſider either of the parties to be in immediate danger.—The piſtols were delivered to mr. Wagſtaff on Tueſday morning, by a brother of mr. Elliſton.

BIRTHS.

AT the houſe of her father, Mich. Farrel, eſq. Fitzwilliam ſtreet, the lady of captain Benſon of the Donegal militia, of a ſon and heir.—In Gardiner's row, the lady of Alexander Hamilton, eſq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

AT Bantry, by the rev. Charles Smith, Thomas Taylor, eſq. M. D. of Dublin,

Dublin, to Harriet, only daughter of the late lieutenant-colonel Taylor.—Peter Kearney, esq. of Crow-street, to miss Alicia Shaw, of Dame-street.——Robert Holmes, esq. of Limerick, to miss Galway, of Summer-hill.—In Clifton, L. Blair, of Courtland, Devon, to the eldest daughter of the late hon. lieut. gen. E. Stopford, and niece to the earl of Courtown.—In London, the rev. Arch. Edward Douglas, rector of Carnallway and Oughtreagh, in this country, to the right hon. lady Susan Drew, daughter to the late earl of Dunmore.—George Crawley, esq. of Drogheda, to miss Hamill, sister of Roger Hamill, esq.——John Maher, esq. of Frethford, to Jane, daughter of the late Martin Harold, of the county Clare.—The rev. Edward Close, to miss Mary Shaw, daughter to Robert Shaw, esq. of Killeens, in the county of Tipperary.—At Cork, William Beamish, of Mount Beamish, esq to Henrietta, youngest daughter of the late Adam Newman, esq.—Mr. Eugene Sweeny, of Camden-street, to miss Jones of Jervis-street.—In New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, captain Tobias Kirkwood, of his majesty's 101st regiment of foot, to Amelia Montague, daughter of major-general Coffin, and niece to admiral sir Isaac Coffin, bart.—At Limerick, James Baker, esq. of London, to miss Alicia O'Connel, niece of the late surgeon O'Halloran, M. R. I. A.—Owen Lynch, of Woodpark, co. Roscommon, esq. to miss Concannon, daughter of Henry Concannon, of Corownecreg, county Galway, esq.——James Doyle, esq. M. D. of New Ross, to mrs. Mary Byrne, of Burros, county Carlow.—John Heny, esq. commissioner of the revenue, to miss Roche, daughter of the late Jas. Roche, esq. Limerick.—Francis Harvey, esq. of the general post office, to Sarah, eldest daughter of the late Mervyn Archdall, esq. of Cuffe-street.—At St. Mary's lebonne church, London, Francis Carleton, esq. nephew to the right hon. lord Carleton, to miss Charlotte Montgomerie, eldest daughter of the late G. Molyneux Montgomerie, esq. of Garboldsharn-hall, in the county of Norfolk.—On the 26th instant, mr. James Higginbotam, of the co. Kildare, to miss Catherine Brennan, of Westmorland street.

DEATHS.

AT Maidstone, Kent, after a severe illness, since his return from Spain, major-gen. Coote Manningham, equerry to the king, and col. of the 95th, or rifle regiment—Sir Wm. James Wray, bart. aged 39.—The rev. John Hearn, assistant parish priest of Portlaw.—At Newcastle, county Limerick, in consequence of a fall from his horse 12 days previous, universally regretted, Silvester O'Sullivan, esq. of Killarney; he was lineally descended from a race of puissant Irish Princes, and recognised as Mac Finnuan Duff, i. e. son of the black warrior Dinnan.—At Cork, mrs. Sullivan, of Falkiner's-street.—At Ballintire, co. Waterford, mrs. E. Mitchell, widow of the late Henry Mitchell, of Michelstort, co. Waterford, esq.—Lieutenant Richard Miller, of the Royal York Rangers.—Captain Wm. Bunbury, late in his majesty's service.—At Slane, the lady of David Jebb, esq.—Mr. William Clarke of Loughrea.—At Sligo, Mr. Henry Arbuckle.—Mrs. Bennet, wife of John Bennet, of Newlawn, esq.—At Cork, master R. Kemp.—At Abbeyland, in the county of Cork, the rev. dr. Dillon, titular archbishop of Tuam.—In Caroline-row, after a long and painful illness, borne with examplacy patience, mrs Clancy: very much and deservedly regretted, for she was a good Christian, a fond and faithful wife, a tender mother, and a sincere friend.—Ann third daughter of Chartress Brew, of Applevale, county Clare, esq.—In London, lieutenant-colonel Ferguson, of the East India company's service, son of the late rev. dr. Ferguson, of Drogheda.——Mrs. Mousell, relict of the late Terence Monsell, of Peafield, near Limerick.

Mrs BRAHAM.